V. 9, 1940

Liberty

5¢

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

WOMEN AS SOLDIERS: WHY NOT? by RUPERT HUGHES

BELIEVE IT OR NOT QUIZ by RIPLEY

HE IRISH AND THE GERMANS by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

SERVES
HUMANITY
JOIN
American Red Cross

NOVEMBER 9, 1940

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

WE CAN WIN WITH WILLKIE

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Liberty Magazine is neutral. It presents both sides of this political campaign. But I have retained the right to express my personal views.

This administration has made extraordinary endeavors to control business. Politicians rarely possess business ability. They frequently enter politics after having failed in business.

Now, Wendell Willkie is a business man. He has made an extraordinary success in the business world. Regardless of what his faults might be, he would endeavor to introduce the practical principles of business into our governmental activities, and such a change is tragically needed if governmental insolvency is to be avoided.

A balanced budget is so far away at this time that such a financial feat may seem impossible, but a business executive of Willkie's type will undoubtedly work with that end in view. All kinds of incredible stories have been passed around about Willkie's connection with foreign dictators. They are all inconceivably silly.

Willkie is an American. A firm supporter of constitutional government. He commends many of the ideals advocated by the New Deal, but instead of schoolboy dreamers he will appoint officials who will use practical measures to accomplish these objectives.

And those who are howling about Willkie's connection with a foreign dictator should review the various steps that have been made by the New Deal that lead directly toward a dictatorial government. The control of business and labor, farmers included, through various bureaus has already been partially accomplished by the New Deal, and that is only the beginning.

Those who want a dictatorial government that may become tyrannical at any time can vote for the New Deal. This will hand our government over to the Washington bureaucracies, the guiding force behind the President.

It has been the impression that foreign affairs have been handled wisely, but we hardly have a friend among the various foreign nations, England excepted, and the warlike attitude of our officials may bring us into this caldron of hate and horror at any time.

It is claimed that the reciprocal tariff has robbed the farmers of hundreds of millions, even billions, of dollars. In the last seven years more than two billion pounds of meat, counting livestock on the hoof, were shipped into this country, 350,000,000 bushels of grain, 50,000,000 pounds of butter, and, although a sugar corporation in Florida collected more than $580,000 during 1940 for sugar cane—plowed under—during these seven years, we bought more than forty-one billion pounds of sugar from foreign countries. The billions of dollars representing the value of these farm products should have gone into the pockets of our farmers.

It has been maintained that Mr. Roosevelt was forced to enter this campaign by his brain-trust advisers. They knew that no other Democrat could possibly be elected, and these Washington bureaucrats want to hold their jobs. They would doubtless bring us the hideous terrors of war, if necessary, to attain that objective. That explains Mr. Roosevelt's third-term candidacy.

If Mr. Willkie is elected, the Communists and the Nazis on the government pay roll will lose their jobs. The wild-eyed brain trusters will have to earn their living elsewhere.

Our government should be supervised by a hard-headed business man with long years of business experience. Willkie knows that a business or a government should pay its debts, and the confidence of investors cannot be secured unless such a policy is pursued.

We have hosts of government employees. We have millions on the WPA and other charity jobs, including the dole. If all these victims of Roosevelt's standardized depression are satisfied, they can cast their vote for the New Deal. If they are looking for a job in industry, where they can feel secure for the future, they should vote against the Washington bureaucracy with its wasteful ruinous spending, now totaling into the billions.

We all know that the dole and the charity jobs cannot continue indefinitely. In various European countries there are periods when millions of people have to starve to death. We have never faced such a disaster, but billions of increased governmental indebtedness can bring such a tragedy.

The election of Willkie will give confidence to investors everywhere. Money should be spent freely for promotion and in all kinds of new businesses.

A square deal for industry and a fair deal for labor.

Bernarr Macfadden

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"DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET"

MY SWEETHEART CRIED, AS I STUFFED A DAMP HANKIE IN MY POCKET. SO NOW I'M SMART... IT'S NOTHING BUT SOFT, IMMACULATE KLEENEX FOR ME! USE EACH SHEET ONCE -- DESTROY IT.

(from a letter by M. G., Baton Rouge, La.)

"Tell me Another" *says* KLEENEX* *and win* $5.00

for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

After the Bawl is Over...

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE EASY-ON-THE-SKIN KLEENEX TO HELP REPAIR MAKE-UP AFTER A GOOD CRY AT THE MOVIES.

(from a letter by M. E. L., Knoxville, Tenn.)

IF I WERE ON A DESERT ISLAND...

I'D HATE TO BE WITHOUT KLEENEX FOR HANDKERCHIEFS ...TO REMOVE FACE CREAM ... TO TAKE WORMS OFF HOOKS (!) ...TO CLEAN OFF PLATES.

(from a letter by I. G. W., Wilmington, Del.)

GOOD GRAVY !!!

I DRIPPED GREASE ON MY NEW DRESS JUST BEFORE A DATE --BUT I PUT SEVERAL THICKNESSES OF KLEENEX ON THE SPOTS AND PRESSED WITH A HOT IRON. PRESTO -- LIKE NEW AGAIN!

(from a letter by C. E., Key West, Fla.)

Adopt the **Kleenex** *Habit*

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

HAND WILLKIE THEM RIBBONS!

DETROIT, MICH.—The way things been goin' on here in this country, which we still calls the land of the free, reminds me of what happened when ol' Hank Davis sold his forty, tools, and stock to a city feller.

Y'see, a hoss and a business is a good deal alike—some needs a curb bit, others don't. But you gotta have some'un handlin' the ribbons who knows hosses—or business.

Now, Hank had a horse called George that come pretty close to runnin' that farm. Hank'd just tie a knot in the reins, loop 'em round him 'n' say, "Giddap!" And down the field George would take that cultivator, straight as a die, make the turn, and come back same way. Didn't need no pullin' er haulin' er swearin'. Knew his job—that hoss George did.

Well, as I was saying, Hank sells out to this city feller. City feller don't know nothin' about hosses. Got a lotta ideas, though, outa a book, and he ain't takin' no chances. So he puts a curb bit on old George. Then he hangs on and pulls and hauls till old George is flabbergasted. Ain't really mad—just muddled. Wants to go ahead and do his job, but that curb bit and pullin' and haulin' just befuddles him so he can't do nothin'. Result is, instead of cultivatin' the crops, he's just trampin' 'em down and diggin' 'em up.

Kinda 'pears to me that's the way we been handlin' business—curb bit, pullin' and haulin', tight rein, instead of givin' him his head. And I'm thinkin' it's high time we let some one drive who knows hosses.

That's why, by gum, I'm votin' fer that feller Willkie, and why I say, *Hand Willkie them ribbons!—Uncle Rile.*

MEN NEVER DATED TWICE

COOKE, MONT.—Many men must wonder why some girls will never date them

twice, even though their manners are

impeccable and they take care to avoid halitosis and B. O. Little do they know that it's because they carry pocketbooks.

Lots of girls find it embarrassing to be seen with a man so tight he carries his change in a purse. It's really amazing how many men don't realize this.—*Just Justine.*

JURY OF SIX LAWYERS

CORRY, PA.—Our fool jury system was copied from fifteenth-century English laws. Here's how it works, in a nutshell. A jury picked from the popu-

lation sits on a serious case. Verdict is guilty. Opposing counsel get second trial. Different jury on very same evidence. Verdict, acquittal.

Which jury is right?

Ignorant hicks who sit on these juries don't know how to weigh evidence.

Instead of twelve jurors, I say make it six, composed of lawyers who know how to weigh evidence. Thus we will get more justice.—*Art Lanston.*

PAUL V. McNUTT'S "UNQUALIFIED ENDORSEMENT"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Permit me to extend my congratulations to Earl Reeves for his splendid article, Florida Leads the Way (September 28 Liberty).

I wish to reiterate my unqualified endorsement of the work initiated by Florida's new Congress of Democracy. Never was the need for such a movement, on a nation-wide scale, so imperative. We must arouse ourselves from the apathy and inertia which constitute the gravest threat to our security, and set ourselves, each one of us, to examine and understand and appreciate the ideals and the working of our own democracy.

I know of no way in which these things can be so adequately accomplished as by the creed and the movement sponsored by the Congress of Democracy as described by Mr. Reeves.—*Paul V. McNutt, Administrator, The Federal Security Agency.*

(Continued on page 6)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THIS IS THE ANCIENT CITY OF ACOMA BUILT ON THIS HUGE ROCK ABOUT 350 FEET ABOVE THE PLAINS
THE STORY GOES THAT IN 1598 THE SPANIARDS STORMED THESE HEIGHTS, BUT THE CLIFF DWELLERS ROUTED THEM. SOME SOLDIERS TOOK THE TERRIFIC LEAP AND LIVED!
IN THE OLD SOUTHWEST—NEW MEXICO
HERE ARE THE RUINS OF SAN GERONIMO MISSION. FIRST BUILT BEFORE 1617, IT WAS TWICE DESTROYED—THE SECOND TIME DURING A REVOLT OF THE TAOS INDIANS

THIS IS THE OLD TAOS PUEBLO CITY. THE FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER, KIT CARSON, PLANNED MANY A CAMPAIGN HERE OVER A PIPE-LOAD OF TOBACCO
YES, KIT CARSON WAS A GREAT PIPE-SMOKER, ALL RIGHT
HERE'S THE PIPE SUPPOSED TO BE KIT CARSON'S FAVORITE. IT HAD A LONG CHERRY-WOOD STEM
HE DEPENDED ON THE PIPE TO COOL HIS SMOKE—TODAY WE PRINCE ALBERT FANS LOOK TO THE TOBACCO

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

THERE'S ONE TOBACCO THAT'S CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE TREATED. NATURALLY THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT
P.A. IS DELIGHTFULLY COOL AND MILD—SO EASY ON THE TONGUE—I CALL IT THE COMFORT SMOKE!
PRINCE ALBERT

EXPLORE THE BIG RED TIN

—DISCOVER COOLER, MILDER SMOKING!

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE
FRESH, FRAGRANT, TASTY— THAT'S PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE TREATED TO LET THE GOODNESS COME THROUGH!
FROM FIRST LOAD TO LAST PRINCE ALBERT PACKS BETTER, DRAWS SMOOTHER, SMOKES COOLER— NO WONDER IT'S SO MUCH MILDER
BE AN EXPERT ROLLER, TOO. P.A. SHAPES UP EASIER, QUICKER —FIRM, SMOOTH. TASTES RICH WITHOUT HARSHNESS

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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

PHILCO

brings you a new kind of Radio-Phonograph that plays any Record on a *Beam of Light!*

A new kind of radio-phonograph invented by Philco! The pointed, *scraping* needle is gone. By a new principle, a rounded jewel that *never needs changing* floats gently over the record grooves and *reflects* the music on a BEAM OF LIGHT from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. *Record life is increased by ten times!* And you hear the full beauty of your records . . . rich, deep "lows," clear, brilliant "highs," *unmarred by surface noise!*

NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET. No lid to lift, no need to remove decorations, no dark, hard-to-get-at compartments. As you tilt forward the grille, the record turntable appears . . . in full view, easy to use. *Only Philco has it!*

Hear this history-making radio-phonograph at your nearest Philco dealer

Philco 608P, illustrated, only $12.95 down

PHILCO
PHOTO-ELECTRIC
Radio-Phonographs

Public Safety Does Not Depend on Belts!

BALTIMORE, MD.—A published statement is accepted as true by a majority of people, because the majority never think or analyze. Hence your featured July 20 Vox Pop letter from Ralph Greene goes for truth, whereas it is merely ridiculous. It would be laughable if it were not on such a deadly serious discussion as life and death on the streets and highways.

Greene says that if the 30,000 persons killed by motors last year had worn safety belts they'd have been safe. The figure is intended, I suppose, to be the total, which was 32,600. But only 20,300 of these were occupants of any kind of vehicle—not all of them in automobiles. There were 12,300 pedestrians among them. Does Greene mean to say that these, and the 700 on bicycles, etc., should have worn safety belts? And, failing in ability to select the intended victims of death in advance, he wants legal belts on everybody. I can imagine 130,000,000 men, women, and children on leashes, the pedestrians, I suppose, handing their lead ends to traffic cops at intersections, to be led across the street.

Such silly suggestions as these, gaining publication, make mockery of all serious attempts to achieve true safety. I have a picture, now, of 127 killed last year in Baltimore, of whom 93 were pedestrians, all damned to death because they didn't wear safety belts, riding or walking!

I wonder when you people who control the printing press will stop kidding seriously concerned folk like myself, who grieve mightily over 600,000 being killed in twenty-six years, when this progressive murder by neglect of state and federal governments could have been avoided, and its progress from here on can be stopped, by simply eliminating the primary irresponsibility in registration, licensing, owners and drivers.

The figures show that we shall kill more in 1940 than were murdered by official neglect and cowardice in 1939.

Government, the press, the bench, and even the pulpit have washed in Pilate's basin. For that another million must be struck down in the next quarter century or much sooner!—*Henry Edward Warner.*

MR. HEINTZ'S PROJECT

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Since shortly after the World War I have sought, rather spasmodically, to get the government interested in building in Washington the greatest stadium in the world in which the annual Army and Navy football game should take place and in which many other competitive and exhibition events of a quasi-public, governmental nature should be held. But the chief purpose was that a national system of mass physical training, both of exhibition and competitive nature, should be developed, with the national finals to be held in the proposed stadium.

In 1933, shortly after the spending program was begun, I placed the proposal before a prominent Democrat in Washington (I myself am a Republican) and received encouragement. But nothing ever came of it. At the time I called his attention to the fact that Germany was conducting a vast activity in mass physical development — and with our money. Why should not we do the same for our youth? But, as I said, nothing ever came of it. Raking leaves was then more important!

A few months ago I sought to interest Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who is an old friend of mine, in heading such a project.

However, the Colonel felt that such matters should be handled locally.

Knowing of Mr. Macfadden's interest in the subject, I am now taking the liberty of calling the idea to his attention.—*Victor Heintz.*

[This is an excellent idea, Mr. Heintz, and we will be glad to do everything we can to promote it. —VOX POP EDITOR.]

¶ "Ted Shane and ilk are doing to crossword puzzles just what the golf professionals did to the popularity of the golf game a few years ago," observes Oscar Garand of Kennebunkport, Maine. "Outsmarting themselves out of a job!"

"You said not to track up your clean floors, didn't you, mom?"

HOW SHORT SHORT IS LIFE!

EN ROUTE, U. S. A.—Here's a Short Short Story titled A Full Life.

He took an easy chair and read the evening paper . . . and wept.

He listened to the radio . . . and grew frightened.

He picked up Liberty and read the Vox Pop pages . . . and screamed.

He left a note . . . and shot himself.—*Ned Mauston.*

TARZAN BENITO

HINCKLEY, MINN.—Too bad Magda's story is finished (August 24 Liberty). So revealing! Hereafter I shall always

think of Mussolini as the Leaping Lover of Italy. Some Tarzan technique! —*Abashed Reader.*

SERIAL AGONY WIRE

PITTSBURGH PENN PLEASE SEND REST VEILLER STORY IMMEDIATELY CANT WAIT MONTH —CHARLES A COLL

CAN YOU ESCAPE, REVEREND?

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—*In re* the Rev. John A. Krebs crabbing (*Krebs* is German for crab!) about morality and decency in Liberty's fiction and his avowed intention to save his Liberty nickel for a more worthy purpose (September 28 Vox Pop), shall we Vox Poppers voice a unanimous "Good-by, Mr. Krebs"?

But won't the Reverend *have* to buy Liberty to—(1) find out if his letter was printed; (2) see how it was received—comments, etc.?

And having gone so far, will he not have become a Liberty addict like the rest of us? (You can always read it on the sly, Reverend!)—*Albert F. Mackey.*

PUT ON PANTS, SCOTTY!

COLUMBUS, GA.—Having read of your having been rebuffed by Mr. Gibb and Mr. Brunton in September 7 Liberty for your "comicover" on Scottish attire, must come to your defense.

Let's all forget about the auld country—think about America. Let's take off the kilts, put on pants, and keep them on!

I grant you no Scottish gent would be seen with a box of matches—he'd borrow them from his neighbor.—*Robert Soulé Reynolds.*

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

The Twins: Bless Us All! Aunt Ollie's Got a Date!

The Twins: Why Auntie! You're a regular vampire!
Auntie: No such nonsense! Vamping's old stuff. Mr. Green says it's my *pep appeal.*

The Twins: We know! *You've been getting all your vitamins!*
Auntie: For once you are right. And what a change it's made in me! I *needed* 'em! What's more, plenty of vitamins wouldn't do you two any harm at all. "Vitamins for pep!"—and that reminds me. Let's go raid the pantry.

Auntie: And right in this delicious cereal—appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.
A Twin: Auntie! You've been holding out on us! This is the crispest, best-tasting cereal I ever ate. Boy! Are we going to have KELLOGG'S PEP every morning!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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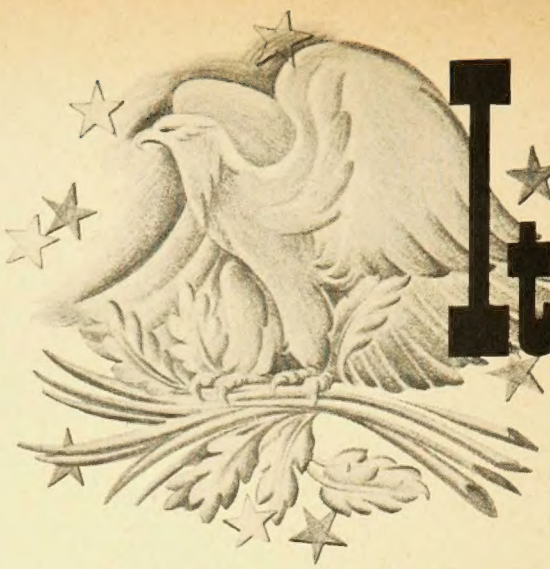


It's up t

Shall we lose our freedom

BY WILL H. HAYS, PRESIDENT OF THE MOTI

WE Hoosiers cling to the idea that our state is pretty close to the middle of things. We believe that Indiana and its neighbors may act as the gyroscope which, in times of storm, helps keep the ship of state on an even keel. Anyway, the center of population of the United States has long been in Indiana, only about a dozen miles from Sullivan. The heart of the nation lies close to the banks of the Wabash.

The pattern of my life has taken me into every state in this Union. During the past eighteen years I have each year journeyed across the continent many times, with innumerable stops everywhere. Observation has given me some knowledge of this land and its people. In the big cities I listen to the voice of those whose names are known from ocean to ocean, and I value what they say. But when I want to listen to the voice of the people, when I want to find out what the country itself is thinking, when I am looking for simple faith rather than Norman blood, for sense rather than theory, I seek the composite, and then talk to the folks back home.

This is by way of taking a little census of my own; of setting down facts and figures on a fresh page of my mind; of letting the gyroscope work until I feel that I too am back on an even keel where nerves are less strained, atmosphere less tense, and where there may be more opportunity at least to think things through.

Make no mistake about the folks back home being fully aware that the world is moving at a tremendously accelerated pace. We know we are living in a period of constant change —a day of scientific miracles in which we can walk a few steps from our door and see things that have happened thousands of miles away, or sit by our own fireside and hear a gun roar in Europe. But we still believe there are certain fundamentals which are as they were in the beginning and ever shall be.

The American people still have a high regard for the homely virtues, such as courage and work and thrift, by which our ancestors made this country what it is. We still think honesty and ability are admirable. We have intense feelings on such things as liberty and justice. We have love of country and faith in God.

All of us know that love of country consists of more than a mere acceptance of its benefits and a lazy, selfish willingness to let others look after its interests. We know that love of country implies giving something as well as taking much. Those wise men who founded this Republic and planned its democratic form of government intended that government should lie basically in the individuals who form the community — which means in you and me. They visioned a government " of the people, by the people, for the people "; a country where each man's freedom must be every man's concern. None knew better than they that no government will run itself without the painstaking attention and the untrammeled devotion of all its citizens.

It is an evident truth that the greatest and most practical ideas are of no public value unless you can get others interested in them. The man without a following is not a leader; he is just some one out of step. The orator without listeners, no matter how eloquent, is just a voice crying in the wilderness. The old fable teaches that the single stick may be snapped, but that a bundle of stout sticks is too strong to be broken. So we in Indiana, realizing the power of co-operation and the efficiency of organization, believe in politics.

Politics is the science or art of government; it is the machinery by which we are governed; it is the system under which we live. In this country every citizen has the right and privilege of helping to govern by going to the polls and voting. It seems strange that citizens have to be urged and aroused to exercise this privilege of governing themselves. It is of less importance to which party a person belongs than it is that a person belong to some party. Use your mind—and decide for yourself. Use your energy—and do something about it. There is not too much politics in this country; there is too little.

Nothing annoys me so much as the pompous attitude of those who assert that politics is too muddy a field in which to work. These superior beings hold aloof from either the sowing or the reaping of the crop; but when the grain is ground and the meal prepared by others, their elbows are among the widest spread at the table where they criticize the food.

I repeat—for it cannot be said too often—that government in this country, in the last analysis, lies in you and me and in the millions of those who make up our citizenry. This government controls national assets precious beyond comprehension. In this huge estate, each of us, every citizen and every voter, has a share and an interest. For its care and preservation, by our free choice, we elect officers to represent us. They act as our trustees. They are executors for the past and administrators for the future. If they falter in their trusteeship and we take no action, we are responsible for the consequences. In such a case we can blame only ourselves, because the remedy lies in our hands.

There is mutuality in the relation between the people and their government. Government is responsible for the preservation of the interests of the people. People are responsible for the efficiency and fairness of government. In acquitting ourselves of our duty in the trusteeship of republican government, we must recognize and we must make others recognize that the form of government which can operate successfully is one in which there is wide and active and conscientious participation by the public in its activities. That means that the activity of electing officers at an election is as definite an office of the free citizen as is the public job which he may hold subject to the appointment of some higher official.

Suffrage is not, strictly speaking, a privilege or a duty or a responsibility. It is an office. Each citizen serves as one of many similar individuals in whose combined power it is to make certain appointments and to choose certain officers for the operation of government. If he uses that power badly, carelessly, or not at all, he is untrue to his trust. He has betrayed the office which he holds.

Unfortunately, there is no possibility in his case of acting against him, as in fiduciary relationships. There is no way to get rid of bad citizens as there is of getting rid of bad trustees. The only way by which such a citizen's activities can be controlled and directed is through his own conscience and through his own intelligence. And, consequently, there devolves upon those who have the

very American

re are warning words for every citizen today

TURE PRODUCERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF AMERICA

opportunity of influencing public opinion the duty of emphasizing, with every force that is possible and practicable, the importance in these days of a sound, active, participating citizenship. This importance cannot be too often expressed or too actively impressed upon every one. Important at all times, it is doubly so in periods of emergency.

In a larger sense, the preservation of our whole civilization depends upon the trusteeship of human beings organized as states. In those states the human beings who constitute the government are the trustees of the united power of those states. In free states citizens are responsible for those who govern. They select them and they control their actions. This throws into bright relief at this moment the solemn responsibility of every citizen of a free state not only *to* his government but *for* his government. When that responsibility for government is lost, freedom is lost; for the ordinary citizen there is left only unquestioning obedience and abject submission to a more violent will. And that responsibility for government is lost by every citizen who loses his participation in governing himself. He loses that by neglecting to vote.

I like to think—in these moments of world madness—that we are still the trustees, we in America, of the great tradition of republican government. We created that tradition and, to a large extent, we created that form of government. We have operated under it successfully for many years. We know its faults and we know its virtues. Naturally, we are constantly trying to improve it, and certainly we are always ready to defend it. We must not fail in any requirement of our trusteeship in the face of the enormous dangers with which a war-torn world has surrounded us. We turn talk into action on Election Day. We neglect that at our own peril. Do your share and accept your responsibility. Vote your convictions.

The question of getting people out to vote this year—and in fact every year—is not merely academic. A few figures will illustrate the appalling situation which prevails when voters permit active political machines to get out votes, and fail to vote themselves. Voting figures for the gubernatorial election in one of our largest states in 1938 show this clearly. In one important county, for example, the machine in the large city turned out 97.5 per cent of the vote. In the rural towns of that same county, 85 per cent of the people voted. In another county, two principal cities turned out 94 per cent of the vote, but in the rural districts only 60 per cent voted. The city machines operate with efficiency and they get out their vote. The many citizens who are beyond the reach of these machines put a premium on machine rule, and put a handicap on themselves as citizens, if they do not vote and see that their neighbors vote.

To preserve liberty, we must know and realize how liberty was won. As we ourselves are the beneficiaries of the faith and fortitude, the patience and the perseverance of the founders of this nation, so we are under the most solemn obligation not to waste our magnificent inheritance, but rather to endow it still more richly for our children and our children's children. The preservation of our America—the America of liberty and of free initiative, the America of the Constitution and of the Bill of Rights — the preservation of "the American way" is our most sacred trust. The immediate and direct way to keep this trust, to practice this patriotism, is to participate in the politics of one's community.

Free men and men acting under compulsion have no common ground. Here the citizens have the power to decide things for themselves. Properly informed, their judgment can be trusted to be true and sound. Never was vital information about affairs more important or accessible; never has it been more eagerly received.

Today there is talk of government affairs not only in public halls and meeting places but in countless houses and homes, on farms and lawns, on corners and crossroads. And today as never before we know the nation's business is and must be the people's business if our Republic is to survive. But, informed as we are, we will be grossly neglectful if we fail to express ourselves by helping elect those who will represent us.

We Hoosiers remember that liberty was gained through struggle and stamina and endless effort. We must never take liberty for granted. The weeds grow, and we have to hoe the corn. That's the way God ordered it. If disaster ever overtakes this richest and potentially most powerful of all nations, it will be because of our own lack of vision and our own indifference. It will be our fault—yours and mine. We will never grow so lazy, so sluggish, so soft, so stupid that we cannot summon brains and energy and strength enough to defend a priceless inheritance.

We in Indiana believe that hope, faith, resourcefulness, and courage still burn with a living flame. Whenever this country has faced a real crisis, the people of America have risen to meet it in one great surging wave. Millions and millions of Americans two decades ago were part of it.

There is nothing wrong with this country that cannot be cured. Rededicating ourselves to America, we can march shoulder to shoulder to meet and conquer any emergency, no matter how grave. To retain and cultivate the blessings of this land, to avoid the inhuman devastation of war, to make a better world for all men more than a dream, means the straining of every muscle and the sweat on every brow. It means that every citizen must give his active service and accept his full responsibility. It calls for such co-ordination and co-operation as only a strong, determined, free people can achieve.

This is a census year and also an election year. Each of these things means that every citizen must stand up and be counted. It means that those who really love this land must be proud of their rights and deeply conscious of their duty. It means that each of us, "with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," must get out and vote. To have that right and use it, to have a voice and, without pressure or duress, make it heard, to be an effective, vital part in self-government—this is the supreme privilege of democracy. It is the cornerstone of that freedom which is being blacked out on the continent of Europe. It is that part of the American system which makes it possible for us to have a united country. The size of the total vote at this election will be the proof that American citizens care enough for America to make its welfare their own business.

Vote!

THE END

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BY ALBERTA HUGHES WAHL

Swing It, LITTLE MOTHER!

Blithe, heart-warming!—A tale of two young moderns and the courage behind their laughter

DR. KELSEY came to the hospital three days after the baby was born, to take the braces off Betsy's teeth. She was supposed to have had them taken off before she went to the hospital, but Deacon, Jr., had insisted on coming three weeks ahead of time.

Betsy had been so mad about it she had cried. That was just before the baby was born, and the pain was pretty bad. Deke had said solicitously, "Cry all you want to, keed, if it makes you feel any better."

"You darn fool," Betsy had yelped. "I'm not c-crying about that. Do you think I want to g-go down to that delivery r-room looking like a k-kid?"

When Deke came in for his evening visit after Dr. Kelsey, the orthodontist, had been there, he just stuck his head in the door, looked exaggeratedly embarrassed, and said, "Oh, pardon me. I thought this was my wife's room."

"It is, Mr. Mansfield. It is!" cried Miss Perkins, running anxiously after his retreating figure.

But Betsy had lain back on the bed, shrieking with laughter.

"Isn't he the King of the Nuts?"

When Deke came in he clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed, "Ye gods, I've married a Beauty!"

"It is cute," Betsy admitted smugly. "But it doesn't feel like my mouth any more."

"Maybe this'll make it feel more at home," said Deke, bending over and giving her the kind of kiss Miss Perkins knew only from the movies.

Miss Perkins had never had such young parents before and she found the experience bewildering rather than enlightening. But even though she didn't understand the Mansfields, she couldn't help liking them. They were such nice children.

Mrs. Mansfield had told her that Mr. Mansfield's father was a retired minister. He and Mr. Mansfield's mother lived out in California now, she understood. And of course she saw Mrs. Mansfield's mother, who was a widow, almost every day. You only had to take one look at that straight back, those narrow ankles, to see where young Mrs. Mansfield got her manners from.

They were so nice to look at, too. At eighteen, Mrs. Mansfield still had an endearing coltishness about her, and her silky brown hair was a pleasure to care for. Mr. Mansfield, from the moment she had first seen him, nervous, pale, and with a lock of hair over his forehead, had reminded her of Jimmy Stewart.

As for the Mansfields, they enjoyed every minute of Miss Perkins now that they had her. They had never intended to have a private nurse. They couldn't afford one, and anyway Betsy was as strong as a horse. But there had been that hemorrhage, and Mrs. Reamer—that was Betsy's mother—had turned up on the second day with Miss Perkins. Betsy had given in to please Deke, who was a worrier and who certainly couldn't have afforded Miss Perkins himself.

But lying in bed, as Betsy was, with nothing much to do except think, she could see the money mother had in the bank, all solid and yellow like a big pie. And every meal Miss Perkins had at the hospital was like a slice out of the pie, that pie which, as far as she could remember, it had been her mother's religion to keep intact until it was time for Billy to go to college.

The Mansfields had to take Miss

Miss Perkins found Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield trotting to the Tarzan call of a red-hot trumpet.

Perkins home with them for a few days on twenty-four-hour duty, and that was awkward because the bathette-dinette-kitchenette nutshell they called home had never been designed with Miss Perkins in mind. During the three nights she was there, Deke slept at the Y., but even with Deke out of the way, Miss Perkins, starched, enormous, looked outsize as she wrestled with the collapsible bathtub in the tiny bathroom.

Miss Perkins tried conscientiously to compress into three days a lifetime of experience with babies. "Always have your finger under the pin so you can't stick him." "Remember, little babies can stand a lot of heat." "Be sure and wait for the bubble to come up."

At the end of those three days Betsy said, discouraged, "I don't know whether I should put my elbow into the milk and shake the bath water on my wrist, or the other way around."

But she didn't mean that, Miss Perkins assured her. She had really learned very quickly.

On Sunday, the third day, Miss Perkins went out in the afternoon. Betsy slept, Deacon, Jr., slept, Deke read the Sunday paper. At four Betsy woke up, feeling marvelous.

"D'you suppose it'd hurt him if we turned the radio on, low? It's almost time for his feeding anyway."

Deke looked down at his sleeping son. "I don't think it'd hurt him a bit. He looks tough and he's got to get used to it."

Miss Perkins, coming back at four thirty, found Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, their faces composed into masks of dazed delight, trotting up and down the floor to the Tarzan call of a red-hot trumpet.

"Mrs. Mansfield!"

"Oh, hello, Miss Perk. You're back early."

"What would Dr. MacKenzie say?"

"I feel swell," said Betsy, her lower lip thrust out.

"Mr. Mansfield, would you?" Miss Perkins indicated the radio.

"But he loves it, Miss Perk, honestly he does." Deke turned the radio off reluctantly. "He eats it up, the little rug cutter."

"All babies are afraid of loud noises," said Miss Perkins firmly.

Deacon, Jr., started to cry, an outraged indignant yell.

"I told you he liked it," said Deke. "Just watch." He turned the dial again. A shining twisted coil of sound unsprung into the quiet air. Deacon, Jr., abandoned tears on one half-drawn breath of enchantment.

"There! What'd I tell you?"

But Betsy said, her sulks forgotten and unexpectedly gentle, "Never mind, Miss Perk. You've done your darnedest for him. He'll just have to take us the way we are."

It wasn't that they weren't *good* children, insisted Miss Perkins against her apprehensions. It was just that they weren't old enough to have the responsibility of a baby.

Those first weeks on her own, Betsy craved Miss Perkins the way you can crave a good cup of hot tea. Days were a treadmill of diapers and pads, bottles and bubbles. Then, imperceptibly, life tilted back to normal. The Senator—they had taken to calling him that because his face, with its half-closed eyes and many chins, had just that blend of cynicism and pomposity—found a formula to his liking and waxed even fatter. They found a high-school girl in the same apartment house who could come in one night a week while they went to the movies or to Rosie's, where you could dance three hours for the

price of a glass of beer. As Betsy said contentedly, "Life can be beautiful."

The Senator was three months old to the day, the Saturday Deke lost his job. On the way home he contemplated various ways of telling Betsy, but in the end he walked in, and there she was on the couch, giving the Senator his bottle. He threw his hat on the table and said, "Hey, I got the gate."

"Got the— You mean you're fired?"

"Got it in one." He came over and kissed the top of her head. "Sorry."

"Oh, that's all right." She brooded. "The—the dopes!"

"Unh-unh." Deke shook his head. "I'm the dope. I was lousy. I hated it."

Well, Betsy thought loyally, *who would like a job like that—poke a letter here, take a bill out there.* "That's what you get for not finishing college," she said, blaming not him but herself, because of course she was the reason he hadn't.

"Listen," said Deke violently. "I wouldn't have liked that job if I was a Ph. D."

"You wouldn't've had to take it if you were a Ph. D.," said Betsy sensibly. She added, "It's our night out. Shall I run down and tell Dorothy not to come?"

"Oh, gosh, no," said Deke. "No use sitting around stewing about it. Tomorrow's another day. I'll just have to find me a job agrees with me, that's all."

TOMORROW was another day and another week and another month. Deke exhausted all the possibilities he could investigate with pride. Then he left his pride home and investigated a lot more. No soap. He came home through the May dusk. Gosh, it was hot—like the middle of summer.

Betsy was at the desk, her brown head bent over a paper.

"What you got there?"

"Minimum and maximum diet." Betsy pushed back her hair and took his kiss absent-mindedly.

"What kind of double talk is that?"

"Minimum cost, maximum vitamins, dope. Not for the Senator. For us." Betsy sucked her pencil.

"You mean kidney-bean casserole and vegetable loaf and stuff like that?"

"Oh, nothing like that," Betsy assured him. "*They're* luxuries."

Deke felt all gone at the waist. He grabbed her shoulders. "Betsy!"

Betsy straightened up. She didn't turn toward him. "Now, none of that," she said. "What would the Senator's constit — Oh, darn, I never *can* remember that word."

"Constituents," said Deke unsteadily. "His constituents would be in stitches." But he straightened up and went into the bedroom. "Hi'ya, Senator. Got any graft today?"

Afterward, when the Senator had been fed and stowed away, Betsy came into the kitchen. Deke was sitting on the enamel table, his legs swinging.

"Move over." She pulled herself up beside him. After a second he put his arm around her. "That's better. Want something to eat?"

"I don't know." And suddenly he was holding on to her, hard. "Betsy, I don't know."

Betsy said solicitously, "'Cry all you want to, keed, if it makes you feel any better.'"

Deke snorted uncontrollably, and then they were rocking with crazy laughter.

After a while Deke said, feeling better, "You married a dope, Betsy."

"I know. That's why I ran after you so hard. I have a weakness for them." She slid off the table. "Guess the budget will stretch to bacon and eggs." She started to measure coffee into the dripolator. "Look, Deke," she said abruptly. "If you could do anything you wanted to, right this minute, what would you do?"

DEKE tried to think. But it was so hot and he had walked so much today. He had a sensation of floating—maybe because he hadn't had anything to eat. He said cautiously, "You'll laugh."

"No I won't. Honestly."

"Well," he spoke defiantly, "I'd like to make some peach ice cream—all the ice cream I could eat."

"You said you wouldn't laugh," he was saying a second later.

"But I can't help it," gasped Betsy, wiping her eyes. "Deke, you idiot, why?"

"It's hot," said Deke defensively. "And I just felt like having the kind of ice cream Mom and I used to make in a freezer. Homemade peach ice cream!" He wrinkled his nose. "I can almost smell the rock salt. Look, Betsy. Maybe somebody's got an old freezer they'd loan us."

"We couldn't afford even the—" began Betsy sharply. She stopped. She grabbed Deke's arm. "Deke! We'll do it! We'll make it and sell it. Real old-fashioned ice cream. We'll write your mother for the recipe."

"But — but, Betsy, listen." He hated to discourage her. "Listen, Betsy. You couldn't turn out enough to make it pay in a hand freezer."

"No, of course not." Betsy was impatient. "We'd have to get some modern equipment. I bet you can get it secondhand." She was thinking out loud. "Old Mr. Himmel down the street — I'll bet he'd let you work there a couple weeks for nothing, just to find out about things."

Deke said ironically, "If you're looking for a place to build, don't forget my lot on Broad Street."

(Deke's lot on Broad Street was the only thing his father had had to give him as a wedding present.)

But Betsy missed the irony. "Oh, Deke, that's it! It's just across from the high school."

"But it's only thirty feet across!" yelled Deke, exasperated.

"We could have a little house—you know, like the ones they have along the highway to sell jelly."

Deke said savagely, "A house, equipment, materials. What were you going to do? Dream it all up?"

"There's the money in the bank—mother's money," said Betsy. "I mean to use that. Half of it, anyway."

Deke stared at her. "But you couldn't. Your mother wouldn't give it to you. It's for Billy."

"I'm entitled to half of it," said Betsy. Her eyes were concentrated, remote. "I didn't go to college, did I? She'd better give it to me."

Deke looked at her, unbelieving. Why, ever since he'd known Betsy, that money was the rock against which the three Reamers had stood, secure from invasion.

"But if we should lose it?"

"We can't," said Betsy with complete faith. "You said you'd like to make ice cream, didn't you? Haven't you ever noticed, Deke, all these success stories begin with somebody doing something he *likes* to do?"

Deke suddenly felt a million miles tall. He felt as if some one had poked a steel rod down the length of his back. She was so sure of him. "I'll go see Mr. Himmel tonight." He picked Betsy up and squeezed her until he could feel her ribs squeak under his hands. "Bring on the provender, woman! I'm hungry!"

MISS PERKINS rode down Broad Street toward the hospital.

Everything looked exactly the same. She didn't know why she expected to see things changed. Goodness, a year wasn't such a long time! But she was so glad to be back, driving her own little car, that she was almost giddy. Of course California had been beautiful, and

"You said you wouldn't laugh," Deke was saying a second later.

old Mrs. Fenner had been just lovely to her, but "'East or west, home is best,'" she quoted to herself.

The sight of a new ice-cream place on a corner near the high school roused in Miss Perkins a sudden longing for an ice-cream soda. The shop was a small Cape Cod cottage, gray shingle with bright blue shutters, with an extension at the back of about twice its width. Out in front by the sidewalk, swinging on an iron support, was a spick-and-span blue sign. There was a painting of an old-fashioned ice-cream freezer on it, and the red letters beneath it said, Mom's Ice Cream.

Miss Perkins sniffed. *Mom's Ice Cream.* Probably made in some factory. But it sounded nice on a hot day.

She parked and stood at the door of the cottage, taking a good look. The soda counter was freshly wiped, the bare maple of the few tables that weren't taken was spotless. Miss Perkins sat down at a table by the door.

She saw now what the extension at the back of the cottage was. It was a polished oblong of floor with a row of tables on each side. There were three or four couples on it now, high-school children, dancing to the music of an electric phonograph.

"Yes, ma'am."

The boy's white jacket was clean, Miss Perkins noted approvingly.

"I'd like a chocolate ice-cream soda with chocolate cream."

The foam was so thick it came over the sides of the glass. Miss Perkins plunged a pair of straws deep in, took one delicious pull. *Now that is what I would call a soda,* she thought happily. *Of course I can't keep this up. I'll be a size. Monday, for sure, I'll start dieting.*

She watched the dancing children indulgently. They were certainly having a good time. *That one with the long brown legs and brown hair, now wouldn't she remind you of Mrs. Mansfield, though?* And just then the record stopped and the long-legged girl came toward the counter and Miss Perkins saw with astonishment that it *was* Mrs. Mansfield. She called breathily, "Mrs. Mansfield!"

The girl stopped and stared and then she came running over, her face alive with pleasure. "Why, Miss Perk! Gee, I'm glad to see you! Wait'll I call Deke." She lifted her voice: "De-eke! Hey, Deke!"

Deke came through the swinging door behind the counter.

"Sa-ay, Miss Perk! Well, I'll be darned! How are you?"

"I'm fine. Just fine." Miss Perkins shook hands. "And how have you two been?" She looked at Deke, a little worried. Of course it wasn't her business, but still, a married man, with a family and all, what was he doing in a soda parlor at two o'clock on a weekday?

"We've been just grand. And the Senator — that's what we call the baby," Betsy interpolated to Miss Perkins' startled look—"is just the best thing. Wait till you see him."

"I'd like to. What would be the best time for me to come?"

"But he's right here," said Betsy. "He's out in back somewhere."

Now that was something Miss Perkins couldn't pretend to like. Bad enough to waste their time dancing when they should be earning a living and making a home, but to drag the baby here and there with them!

Deacon chuckled. "He cries when we take him home at night. Remember how he went for that trumpet, Miss Perk?"

Miss Perkins floundered. She looked from one to the other. "I'm— I'm afraid I don't understand," she confessed. "Do you mean— Is one of you working here?"

They looked at her as though she were a bit simple. Then they shouted proudly, "We own the place!"

AFTER that they spoke at the same time and so quickly that Miss Perkins didn't get much information. She gathered that they'd got their real start the day the high school opened and they'd given away a hundred dollars' worth of ice-cream cones. (That had been Deke's idea.) Also that the high-school principal had persuaded the bank to loan them enough money to put in a heating system so that they had been able to stay open all last winter. "Sandwiches and hot chocolate," interjected Betsy.

Miss Perkins kept exclaiming and nodding. When they had run down, she said happily, "My, it sounds just like a fairy tale, doesn't it?"

They both, curiously, seemed a little disappointed at that. Deke looked down at his hands, and Betsy said slowly, "Well, I guess it might seem like that."

Deke said, "I'll go get the Senator."

The little boy he came back with was brown and sturdy and friendly. He sat on Miss Perkins' lap and began to investigate the crocheted buttons on her dress.

"He's beautiful!" she said.

"Golly, I hope not," said Deke. "But maybe the next one'll be."

"If business keeps up, we'll be needing you in no time at all, Miss Perk," said Betsy.

Miss Perkins blushed. "That will be very nice."

"Hey, Betsy, Betsy!"

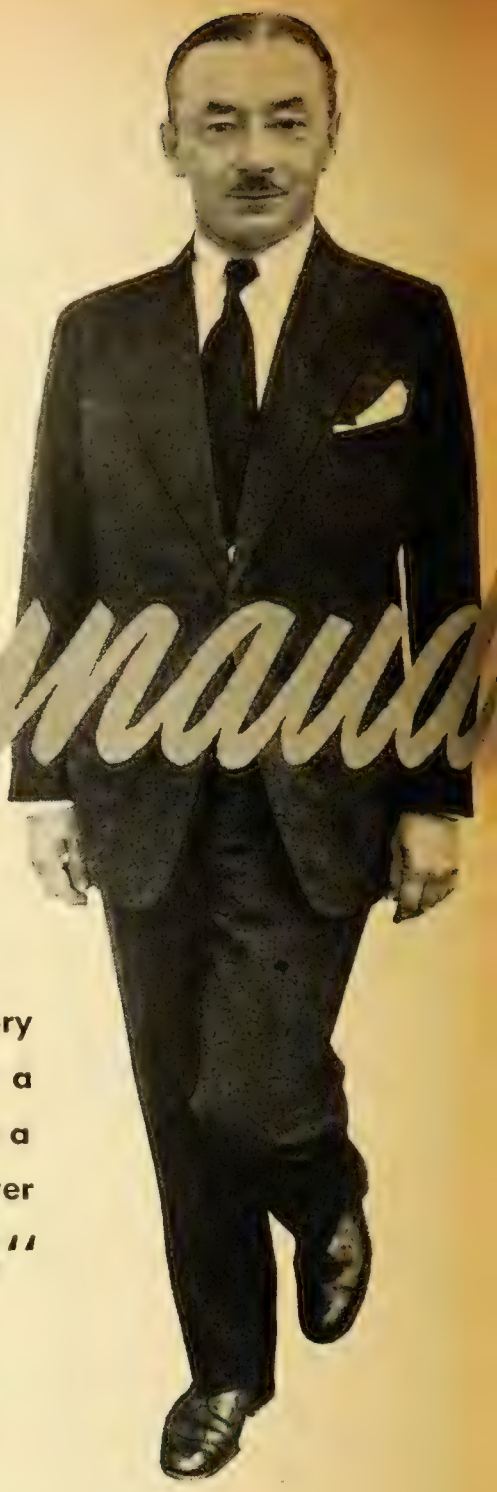
"Oh, darn!" Betsy turned to Miss Perkins. "It's our problem child, the football captain. I'm teaching him the rumba. You stay right here, Miss Perk, and finish your soda."

Miss Perkins shifted the Senator skillfully to one side and reached for her straws. She looked after the long brown legs and shook her head. Goodness, wasn't it lucky things had turned out for those children the way they had? Being so young and all, and not having any sense of responsibility, she just didn't know how they would have managed if they'd run into any trouble.

THE END

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

DID Reynaud



The startling inside story of a Premier's part in a nation's tragedy . . and a woman's amazing power

BY "PERTINAX"

WHEN Daladier resigned and it was announced that Paul Reynaud would succeed him and that six Socialists would re-enter the cabinet, France was rent asunder. All those who had believed that the so-called policy of Munich still continued under the surface now shouted that the "warmonger" of the Center, Reynaud, was joining hands with the "warmonger" of the Left, Blum.

Reynaud met the Chamber of Deputies on March 22. As the debate was described to me by an indignant friend, the Rightists and the Centrists insisted that relations with Russia should be broken off, that Italy should be "appeased." They hardly mentioned Germany. That night Reynaud won by a single vote.

His self-confidence was badly shaken. However, encouraged by Georges Mandel, he went ahead. He rushed to London. To Chamberlain he boldly opened his mind. In the session of the Supreme Council on March 28, not only did the British Premier pledge that his government would not negotiate peace separately but he conceded that the Anglo-French alliance should be continued as the main instrument of European reconstruction, and he agreed to revise his passive policy toward Norway and to instruct the Admiralty to spread mine fields in the territorial waters of that country.

Thus the French diplomacy progressed beyond a turning where it had been held up for several months. However, Chamberlain said public opinion would not understand the taking of forcible measures against Norway while the "*de facto* truce" was still observed on the western front. French air forces would have, therefore, to bomb military objectives in the Ruhr, and mines should be laid in the Rhine. Reynaud returned to Paris a proud man indeed.

But Daladier sternly demurred to compliance with Chamberlain's stipulations. "You are going," he said, "to push the war toward a crisis which we cannot yet afford to face." It took Reynaud another ten or twelve days to convince Chamberlain that it would be pointless to abandon the Norwegian venture because operations which were in no way closely related to it could not be undertaken simultaneously. At last he succeeded —but Germany was given two weeks to prepare her countermove.

The British navy acted on April 8 in Norwegian waters, and then the first major encounter of the war began. On the 13th British warships captured the fiord of Narvik. For about two weeks Reynaud's triumph could not be challenged. Many felt that a new Clemenceau had arisen.

At this point let us take stock of Reynaud. He had a brilliant mind. In a confusing controversy he knew how to go straight to the point. And, so far, his thinking had been remarkably sound. For example, in contrast to Weygand and Gamelin, he had formed a correct idea of the real nature of modern warfare. Moreover, he had never pandered either to the crowd or to the moguls.

But he was apt to rely exclusively on logic in determining his policy. He was one of those men who must always have the last word. He was too excitable to be really effective.

In the past he had been exceptionally lucky in the selection of his advisers: for military affairs, de Gaulle; for monetary and economic problems, a banker of high conscience and great ability. But of late it had become plainer and plainer that those who happened to be near him longest for any reason had the greatest chance to influence him. While Minister of Finance, between November, 1938, and March, 1940, he fell under the spell of three treasury officials, Bouthillier, Leca, and Devaux, all imbued with semitotalitarian fiscal conceptions. They kept close watch on him, took care that none could approach him except in their presence, and actually moved with him to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

But his chief weakness was for a small clique of men and women grouped around the Comtesse de Portes, his friend for about fifteen years. She had broken up his home, and her quarrels with Mme. Reynaud were notorious.

By the middle of April he had temporarily set at naught Daladier's intrigues and had practically compelled Parliament to toe the line. The program he set himself to fulfill immediately was to bring to a successful issue the expedition to Norway, and to make Belgium swerve from her so-called independent line as a neutral. Moreover, he meant to dispense, at the earliest possible date, with the services of Gamelin.

In Norway disappointment came very soon. Reynaud desperately protested against the withdrawal of the expeditionary forces from the Trondheim area. He not only argued against it in the session of the Supreme Council on April 27 in London but addressed to Chamberlain a strongly worded and even bombastically toned letter which, had Chamberlain continued in the Premiership, would have made co-operation difficult between Paris and London. As to Belgium, he availed himself of the German invasion of Denmark and Norway to signify to her ambassador

in Paris that the hour had struck for King Leopold and his ministers to call in Franco-British troops and forestall the German onslaught. The ambassador protested angrily. However, after a while Reynaud dropped the whole question.

Here we reach a landmark in his tragic career. Colonel de Villelume had begun to act as his military adviser—de Gaulle having been sent back to the front in compliance with Mme. de Portes' dictate. Villelume was a pessimistic soldier. Reynaud had taken a fancy to him. He was very obsequious to Mme. de Portes. Reynaud, as Minister of Finance, had been given more than one occasion to judge for himself that the armament program was not making headway. It was discouraging to listen to him on that subject. How could he combine gloomy views about the stagnation in the factories with his resolve to make the war develop at a quicker tempo? Anyway, inasmuch as his policy involved that contradiction, Villelume was certainly instrumental in ending it. There is no evidence that Reynaud encouraged Gamelin to go forward so perilously on May 10. The evidence is the other way. He was in a hurry to get rid of the generalissimo.

ETRAY FRANCE ?

On May 8 he broached the subject to Daladier. The two had common grievances against Gamelin. But as soon as Daladier heard that Weygand was Reynaud's nominee—Weygand, with whom Daladier had quarreled in 1933—he balked. The cabinet was about to break up and a new premier to come forward when, all of a sudden, the thunder broke in Belgium. Then Reynaud and Daladier had to embrace each other, although there was no love lost between them.

From May 10, the date of the invasion of Belgium, Reynaud's activity could not and did not influence to any material degree the movements of the High Command. He replaced Gamelin with Weygand on May 19, besides making Pétain the vice-president of the Council and supreme technical adviser to the cabinet. Simultaneously he shifted Daladier from the Ministry of National Defense to that of Foreign Affairs. It is probable that none of these moves modified the trend of the military drama. So Reynaud does not deserve reproach as far as the rout of the French army is concerned. But for the surrender of France, for the conclusion of the separate armistices with Germany and Italy, for the refusal to equip the North African territories for armed resistance to Germany and to transfer the French fleet to England, and for the rupture with England after the painful battle of Mers-el-Kebir, his share of the responsibility is a heavy one. All those moves flew in the face of his openly expressed convictions, yet it cannot be denied that he had started them. A terrible story—I know of none sadder.

The starting point must be placed as far back as the closing days of March. I was then surprised to learn that Reynaud had made up his mind to appoint Paul Baudouin to the under-secretaryship of the presidency of the Council, a most important post indeed. Paul Baudouin! What could be the explanation of this appointment? The closest friend of Mme. de Portes volunteered to give it: "Helene forced Baudouin upon Reynaud. She is soon to wed Reynaud, and she wants him to break once and for all with his political past, which stands as a barrier between him and good society."

Baudouin, Bouthillier, Leca, Devaux, Colonel de Villelume, Helene de Portes—such was the clique which met nightly in Reynaud's apartment. In its deliberations originated the dismissal of Alexis Leger, secretary general of the Quai d'Orsay since 1931, who had drawn upon himself the dislike of the totalitarian dictators and of the French "appeasers." It was only too clear. On the one hand, Reynaud preached war to the bitter end and the closest co-operation with the British Empire. On the other, he surrounded himself with persons who were bent upon the destruction of his policy.

Who was the French Delilah who sealed the fate of France? Who was this woman whose power over government officials, ministers, even generals—whose deadly alliance with the defeatist clique—brought France to her knees? A tale of intrigue, scandal—even treachery—will unfold before your startled eyes in the first installment of

DU BARRY 1940

Begins in November 23 Liberty!

On May 15, in the Ministerial Council, Daladier had to give an account of the military disaster. His account amounted to a confession of failure. In the next three weeks a surge of anger in Parliament left him little more than a political corpse. And yet Reynaud temporized until June 5 about ousting him from the cabinet. His disappearance did not mean that Reynaud's power was on the increase. Quite the reverse. Pétain, Weygand, Baudouin were in the ascendant, as all the "appeasers" hurriedly got behind them. Laval was at work in the background. And Pétain and Weygand were old men, long out of touch with the progress of military technique. Surely Reynaud ought to have found younger men. In the crisis, obviously, he was swayed by political rather than by strictly military consideration. It can be suspected that at the bottom of his heart he had already surrendered.

The last question that confronted him was whether he should let Pétain, Weygand, Baudouin, et al., have things their own way, or pull himself together to throw the French overseas empire and the French fleet into the scales against Germany and, with that end in view, transfer the seat of government to northern Africa. Alas, in Bordeaux Colonel de Villelume took him in hand and he speedily sank to the level of Mme. de Portes.

Under the pressure of Pétain, Weygand, and Baudouin, he agreed on June 12 to press Churchill to release France from the pledge against separate armistice and separate peace. Intimidated by Churchill's blunt refusal, he suggested that American intervention be invoked once more and the discussion resumed when President Roosevelt's answer had been received. In brief, he postponed the issue. He was inclined to accede to Churchill's condition that the French fleet should be sent to British waters, and was attracted by the alternative proposal that the two empires should be merged into one commonwealth, with the head of the French government, in London, as supreme leader. He voted for that and against the armistice—but, among his colleagues, all of his own choices aligned themselves against him.

He meekly gave way to Pétain and resigned. Then he was ready to serve in the United States, as ambassador, the government which had ousted him and was at cross purposes with everything he had stood for. He actually telegraphed Churchill, begging him to be satisfied with the Pétain cabinet's equivocal arrangement concerning the fleet. "Reynaud has betrayed me three times," noted Churchill, who did not even acknowledge the message.

And then Devaux and Leca, on their way to the United States across Spain, were caught with about fifty million francs in their bags (banknotes, gold, jewels belonging to Mme. de Portes) and with important state papers. The French ambassador in Washington was instructed at once not to submit the name of the former Premier. Five days later Mme. de Portes succumbed in a motor accident and Reynaud was carried to the nearest hospital.

THE END

A THIRD TERM FOR FEAR

CLARE BOOTHE

BY CLARE BOOTHE

Author of The Women, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, Europe in the Spring, etc.

I WAS in France when the war was called "phony." I was in Holland and Belgium when the blitzkrieg came, and I saw the heartbreaking collapse of France, and England, unbelievably surprised, waiting in sudden horror and shock for its own ordeal by bomb and fire. I saw Europe go up in flames and the men, women, and children, and all their old ways of life pass into that condition of hell called Total War.

Because I have seen these things, I feel more strongly than I have ever before felt anything about my own country that Wendell Willkie should be elected its President.

I believe that he should be elected President because he expresses the faith of a small, sadly dwindling band of men and women—the rash, bold, courageous, unpopular faith that *democracy has not yet failed.* This band of men and women believes rather that Europe failed democracy and that we are in grave danger of doing the same.

In Europe in the spring you heard Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Norwegians, Belgians, of *all* classes, say more often than they said anything else, "Of course, you realize, no matter how this war turns out, democracy has failed." How *could* it turn out other than it did, if they believed that?

This fear that democracy was doomed was what counseled France's leaders to sell out fast and easy to Fascism.

When I returned to my country in late June, I had looked forward with pride and certainty to finding a great country whose true democratic spirit, awakened by the tragedy of Europe's lost democracy, would be fighting to breathe vigorous life and confidence into its own democracy.

But I found instead a nation that was almost hysterically afraid. The witless ones, of course, feared a German invasion in the morning. Many people feared that no matter when the invasion came, we would not be "armed in time."

Now, come Willkie, or Roosevelt again, we will be *materially* armed in time. But our material arms will do us no good if, like the French, we are spiritually unarmed, spiritually stricken already to our knees by the fear that "democracy anyhow is bound to fail."

And I saw at once that in America, as in France, this was the fundamental doubt, the deep fear in many American hearts. And that, whether we admitted it or not, this was the issue we would all vote on when we went in November to the polls.

Back in 1933, in his inaugural address, Franklin Roosevelt said one thing I shall never forget—no one should ever forget. He said, "There is nothing to fear but fear."

Now years have passed. And I say —though Mr. Roosevelt no longer does—there is *still* nothing for Americans to fear but *fear.* Mr. Roosevelt no longer says it, perhaps because Mr. Roosevelt has nothing to hope for for *himself* but our fears. Here is the charge I make: Mr. Roosevelt is seeking re-election on a platform of ignoble fears. Almost without exception, those who will vote for him are *the people who are afraid*—

People who are afraid that they may be taken off relief. People who are afraid that they will have to go on relief soon (i. e., that the "system" has permanently broken down). People who are afraid (being ignorant of the true and proper powers of a President) that the army and navy will suddenly fall apart if Mr. Roosevelt is not there. People who are afraid for racial reasons—strangely, tragically doubting the true spirit of America which is the property of *no* party—the spirit of tolerance. People who are afraid that Hitler will be less afraid of Willkie than of Roosevelt. People who are afraid to "swap horses in midstream." (This was the fear that kept Daladier in power until it was too late—that kept Chamberlain in power until all was nearly lost.) Intellectuals who are afraid that with "democracy absolutely finished," Willkie is the road to a "bloody revolution," whereas Roosevelt is the perhaps painless bridge to their "inevitable Socialism." People—and this represents the majority, perhaps, of the Third Termers—who are just plain scared out of their seven senses of *anything* unfamiliar or unknown which the future may hold. People who are afraid to elect any man President who has not had "great experience in that office before." And all the people—*all* the people—who no longer trust themselves or their country or the traditions and beliefs which have made that country great through thirty-three Presidencies.

Wendell Willkie has chosen to put his emphasis on courage and confidence. Politicians are not generally noted for their courage. But here was Mr. Willkie, a man seeking the Presidency against a formidable foe, who was not afraid to chuck overboard the sizable Isolationist vote of this country because he believed America could no longer be isolated from the affairs of the troubled world; a man who was not afraid to give comfort and ammunition to his enemy by saying he believed in many of the New Deal social objectives; a man who refused to delay conscription, although many politicians told him by doing so he would make a useful political issue of it; a man who subscribed to more and more aid to Britain, although he knew that for that aid his rival would get most of the credit. A man, in short, who was not afraid to debate, talk like a rational man, giving credit, even to the opposition, where credit was due.

Against such a rational, honest procedure he was counseled by the "politicians." But courage scorns all the counsels which are inspired by fear. But the thing Mr. Willkie has the courage to say which Mr. Roosevelt has not got the courage—or perhaps the conviction—to say was that he still believes in the material and spiritual progress of this country along old-fashioned, American, democratic lines.

The keystone of Willkie's policy is courage and faith. Faith that America is still a free land, with possibilities of expansion, wealth, strength, and happiness heretofore undreamed of—if we only have the courage to try once again. Willkie has faith that it is well within our power to set our house in order and to defend it. And that we need not sell it out today or tomorrow to a Fascist or Communist or Socialist landlord, even though he would come wearing a false beard, looking ever so much, at first, like our tough and generous and beloved and free Uncle Sam.

THE END

THIS URGENT NOW

BY FANNIE HURST

Author of Humoresque, Lummox, Back Street, Imitation of Life, etc.

FANNIE HURST

rom the distaff side — a laywright and a novelist onder our election puzzle

TRADITION is an elegant and impressive noun. At present, however, it is sticking out like a sore thumb from the colloquial vocabulary of the average American.

In its pedestrian stride, tradition is something that comes down, usually by word of mouth, from one generation to another. By happy survival of the fittest, most tradition is a residuum of the best in human thinking and behavior that has percolated through time.

But tradition is not inviolate. There is such a thing as the obsolescence of tradition. The dead past should very often remain that way. Arbitrary the tradition that will not admit the exception to its rule.

Now, this no-third-term tradition of ours (long may it wave, as a general rule) has run into its exception. That exception is this urgent Now.

I am for a continuation of the present administration because I believe (its various shortcomings to the contrary notwithstanding) that this country at this time has everything to gain by continuation under a leader whose domestic and international policies have held us together during a period of years when world disintegration rages about us.

I say this in full awareness of the hardships that have been automatically imposed upon certain economic classes in American life. I say this, full of awareness of arbitrary conditions in our government which have been the dual result of the personality of our President, but, more than that, the result of the personality of our kind of emergency—an emergency which has been endemic during these eight years.

Realizing all this, I still believe that the big and little business man in America today is looking down his nose, an optical contortion which is deadly to clear vision. His pocket nerve is hurting. With some justification, he sees not only his functioning world adumbrated, but, because of his personal discomfort, would throw the entire administration's achievements into the discard.

It is difficult for this business man to evaluate the colossal fact that for eight years this administration has been steering us through a social revolution, bloodlessly, without bastille, pillage, or faces in red mud. Contemplating some of these more usual accessories of social revolution, the twitching pocket nerve should seem relatively trivial.

I am not only for this liberalizing and liberating administration because of what I believe will be its enduring and historic contribution in such vital fields as collective bargaining, social security, soil conservation, housing, and many other New Deal social innovations, I am for the New Deal because I think longer vision will show it up to be an all-around Big Deal, even for those who feel most put upon.

This brings up sharply consideration of the alleged dictatorship of President Roosevelt. Certainly he has been called upon, during his untempestuous administration of unprecedented events, to abrogate, meet emergencies, and do his own creative thinking. But remember, there is always a check on Presidential powers. The President can only do what Congress gives him the right to do, and the power of legislation-giving is matched by the Congressional ability to take away.

Congress can enact any law it pleases, and whenever a two-thirds majority in Congress chooses, it can nullify any Presidential veto.

In all the destructive and deplorable raging of political animosities which are consuming our country while Rome burns, I have yet to hear anything approaching a sustained and corrective program offered by the anti-administration factions.

Glittering generalities glitter. We are promised a better world of paid-up bills, economic adjustment, prosperity, jobs, production, but no one bothers to be definitive.

"We have scarcely begun to know," states the opposition, "what we can do with our resources and our man power." So what? Obviously we have the resources and the man power, but the method of harnessing them is what the average American today, whom we shall call John Smith, needs to know, and what the nation needs to know before entrusting itself to the campaign rhetoric of a new and untried candidate. We do not need a mining engineer to tell us that we have gold in them thar hills. We do need one to get it out!

This is not to say that the present administration has succeeded in mining it. But certainly the majority of the Mr. and Mrs. John Smiths of this country have in the past eight years been the recipients of concentrated effort on the part of their government to make their world a better place in which to live, to improve their homes, fill their dinner pails, educate their children, and provide more of the good things of life which hitherto have not been allowed to fall their way. If Mr. and Mrs. Smith are as astute as they need to be, they will have confidence in the continued constructive behaviorism of such an administration.

This is the end of an era, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and don't you forget it. Forces stronger than economics are at work. The social readjustments that the world needs to make have not to do primarily even with the administration, any more than the Weather Bureau creates the weather it reports.

This administration is on to this fact, just as it is on to the fact that the era is changing hands. Forces bigger than the biggest New Deal conceivable are forcing the hand of big business, little business, capital, and labor. These eight years the administration has been steering in a gale, in mid-channel, surrounded on all sides by a rocky social and industrial archipelago.

This urgent Now, which justifies the third-term emergency, is not the time to change boats!

The dog in Aesop's fable dropped his piece of meat for what he saw reflected in the water.

By now his ribs must be poking through.

THE END

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Believe it or not Quiz

BY ROBERT RIPLEY

Grade yourself as follows:
35 Correct .....Excellent
30 Correct .....Good
25 Correct .....Fair
20 Correct .....Passing
Under 20 .....Failing

1—We have always lived by the statement "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Yet the United States has been paying financial tribute to a foreign ruler for thirty-eight years. Who is he and where does he govern?

2—Where does money actually talk?

3—The Monroe Doctrine permits no foreign nation to rule in the Western Hemisphere. Yet a foreign country governs a United States possession. What is the name of that country and over what American territory does it rule?

4—How many men made a nonstop flight over the Atlantic Ocean before Lindbergh?

5—What river observes the Sabbath?

6—Oranges, watermelons, and lemons are neither fruits nor vegetables. What are they?

7—Historians have always written of the greatness of the Holy Roman Empire. Where do they err in those three words, "Holy Roman Empire"?

8—What are the seven senses?

9—One of the world's richest men pays no taxes. Who is he and where does he live?

10—George Washington was not the first President of the United States. Who was?

11—Who were the men who had to swallow dictionaries to qualify for their profession?

12—Where and what is Hell?

13—What world-famous mathematician failed to pass his college entrance examinations in mathematics?

14—In one country the female animals are obliged to wear veils. Where is it, and why must they abide by this strange custom?

15—One man was known as the father and liberator of six countries. Who was he?

16—There is a city which is so long that it would take an airplane flying 200 miles an hour seven hours to fly over it. What city is it?

17—In all the wars ever fought has a naval fleet ever been captured by cavalry?

18—What was the biggest mistake Lincoln made in his Gettysburg Address?

19—Forty million inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere are named after a tree. Who are they and where do they live?

20—Where and what is the "Land of Perpetual Rain"?

21—What President of the United States slept through his term of office?

22—Do New Yorkers travel farther up and down than they do on the level?

23—One night lasted 582 years. What was that night?

24—What United States naval hero was never an American citizen, never commanded an American naval fleet, and was a commodore of the Russian navy?

25—Where is there a country where all the men have the same name?

26—What famous boxer fought in the prize ring for eighteen years and never had a black eye or a bloody nose?

27—The expression "manna from heaven" is usually uttered as an adage of good luck. Is it actually a miracle or is it established as a scientific fact?

28—In what country is Christmas celebrated thirteen times a year, and what is the reason behind this unusual custom?

29—What three kings were ruled over by President Coolidge?

30—Where is there a sea without a shore?

31—Do fish ever become seasick?

32—Name three American Presidents who died on July 4.

33—What was the most ironical thing in the life of John Howard Payne, composer of Home, Sweet Home?

34—The oldest man in the Bible died before his father. Who was he?

35—Most of the waterfalls known to man run downhill. Yet in a certain American territorial possession there is a waterfall which "falls" uphill. Where is it and how is this phenomenon brought about?

36—Four brothers and two sisters became kings and queens of six different countries. Who was their mother, what were the names of these rulers, and over what countries did they reign supreme?

37—Is it true, as historians claim, that Nero fiddled while Rome burned?

38—Who was the originator of Daylight Saving Time, the father of modern dentistry, the discoverer of the Gulf Stream, the inventor of the lightning conductor, the originator of the first system of ventilation?

39—Is it possible for a river to run both ways—back and forth and up and down?

40—Where is the only place in the world that you can see the sun rise in the Pacific Ocean and set in the Atlantic?

(Answers will be found on page 60)

Here's how...

SAYS TED HUSING

TO GET THE MOST OUT OF WATCHING FOOTBALL THIS FALL!

This year's football is wide-open! Spectacular passing thrusts and power drives feature the play. To watch these develop, learn to recognize the *Wingback*, *Notre Dame Box*, and *Short Kick*. These basics understood, you will sit in the stands enjoying your game. The Wingback attack (charts 1 and 2) employs a slant into enemy territory. The Shift used by Notre Dame-type teams (chart 3) masses power at one point. The Short Kick (chart 4) employs the virtues of the other two attacks.

1. SINGLE WINGBACK

Single Wingback to the right. This is an attack from behind the unbalanced line, with all power to the right. The wingback (1) and the blocker (2) move out to cut down the left side defenses. The close back (3) leads the tailback (4) out to the attack. This one manoeuvre can be used in cutbacks, reverses, passes, laterals and sweeps. The wingback attack, named for the back (1) who is on the end or wing, is best demonstrated today at Georgia Tech, Minnesota, and Southern California, among other universities. Certainly there *are* variations by the coaches, but the basis is always the same.

2. SINGLE WINGBACK REVERSE

Wingback Reverse in the making. This is attack to the *Left*. The blocker (2) goes right, blocking incoming defense. Wingback (1) turns to come behind his line. He'll take ball from spinback (3) who receives ball from center. Tailback (4) leads the play. Running guard pulls out of line to assist running interference. Spinning back (3) masks direction of the ball, for he may *keep* the ball after faking it to the wingback (1) and keep going right.

Below, Notre Dame Box after the shift. Entire backfield is massing power to the right. The Left Half, behind three-man interference, heads for off-tackle, around the end, or for a cut-back over the guard and center.

3. NOTRE DAME BOX

Below, the Short Kick, or inverted "V" formation. Two men go left and two right, to open the defense. Wingback (1) fakes to right. Tailback (4) has just faked taking ball from spinback (3) who received pass from center, faked it in a half spin to (4) and then started to the left with the blocker (2) leading play to weak side.

4. SHORT KICK FORMATION

These are not plays. These are basic formations of attack. Thousands of attacking plays come from these simple formations. In the singlewing, plays can reverse, cut back, sweep, race into passes or laterals. The Notre Dame shift formations permit delayed crossbucks, massed reverses; thrilling cut-ins and cut-outs and short passes. The Short Kick attack permits all plays to start deceptively. It's simple if you know where the ball carriers are just before the ball is snapped. Go to it! Here's How to see the games, and enjoy them.

Here's how...

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN EARNS ITS REPUTATION

1. It's a smoother, lighter whiskey of delicate bouquet and grand flavor.
2. It's the result of 83 years' experience in distilling and blending finest quality whiskies.
3. It's delightful taken straight because it's so grand, so mellow, and so clean tasting.
4. It scores thrillingly every time in a highball, a cocktail, or any mixed drink in the manual!
5. Yet it is as kind to your purse as it is to your palate. Join the smart company who say "HERE'S HOW" with

Seagram's 5 Crown

THE BLENDED WHISKEY FOR EVERY DRINK

"Thank you, Ted Husing! It's grand to know the fine points of the game. But when the whistle blows and the game is history, that's when I like to sit over a long, smooth highball made with this grand and glorious Seagram's 5 Crown. It's a good friend alone, a grand mixer in company . . . HERE'S HOW!"

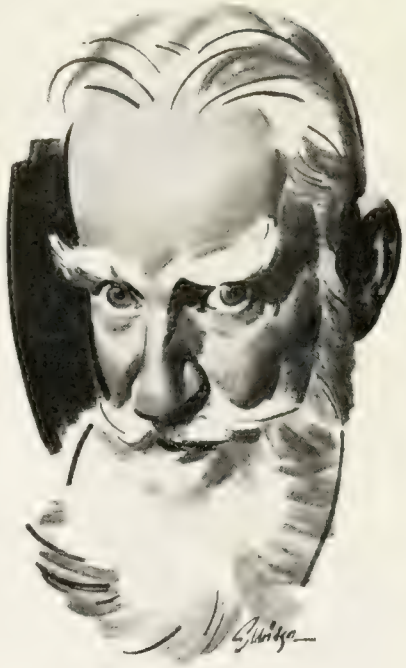
Here's how...

SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE!

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof. Copyright 1940. Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York.

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

the Irish AND THE Germans



BY

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

I AM invited to describe Britain as "a fortress besieged," and to urge that it is the prime "duty" of every citizen to join in her defense. I shall do nothing of the sort.

Every country at war may be described in that picturesque manner. It pleases people who like to think that our situation is desperate. Many people have a keen delight in pessimism. But our situation does not strike me as half as desperate as Germany's.

As for duty, well, defense is a *necessity*, whether it is a duty or not. If a German will shoot me unless I shoot him first, there is no time for polemics about our respective duties.

If you insist on describing Britain as a fortress, you must, if you wish your picturesque phrase to have any relation to the facts, vary it so that it runs: "The British Isles are a fortress."

Not long before the war broke out I stated that in the event of war the British Isles would be one military unit. The progress of the war so far has shown that I was right.

Eire has remained neutral? Precisely! And the fate of the small neutrals has given us a handy measure of the value of neutrality. It has a net value to the enemy if the neutral is persuaded that he need not be fully armed.

If Germany attacks from the west, neither Eire nor Ulster can stop her. The terms on which Mr. de Valera and Lord Craigavon regard each other do not affect this. Without the help of the British army, Ireland (Eire and Ulster, with the boundary line wiped out) will then become a German possession, neutrality or no neutrality. Neither Mr. Hitler nor Mr. Churchill will hesitate, and Ireland will become the cockpit of the war. Eire is arming for defense—to the extent of its small resources. But if the threat is to be taken seriously, Mr. de Valera should call upon the British Empire for the military, naval, and aerial support to which Eire is entitled under the treaty.

I now come to the "duties" of civilians in wartime. It may be regarded as a corollary of my opening statements that, whatever may be our duty, it is a necessity that we should aid in every way the national effort to shoot the Germans before they shoot us. But there are a whole lot of regulations that I do not regard as important.

For example: I am told that wherever I go I must carry my gas mask with me. I refuse to do so. I cannot believe that the Germans will be such fools as to *begin* the gas game. It would only be the beginning.

If they are such fools as to begin it, I shall look for my gas mask, wherever it may be. But I shall not allow any press photographers to make a snap of me wearing a gas mask. The press is always anxious to make me look like a fool. They will be disappointed.

Nor will I be photographed wearing what I understand is commonly known as a "tin hat." I am not a soldier but an ordinary decent civilian. But I shall be glad to know where I can buy a bakelite helmet to protect my precious brains. There would be some sense in making me carry that.

And now I am asked what is the "duty" of a journalist in time of war. Should he contract out of Air Raid Precautions work, the home defense guard, and the like because of the importance of his own job? Well, it depends on how hard he works at his job.

Anyhow, journalism is much harder than soldiering, and more dangerous, as we are all under fire now; and the journalist with his camera or notebook mustn't hide in a shelter.

Which reminds me that in an air raid I do not take refuge in a shelter. I stay at home. And if the raid is at night I stay in bed: I am safer there, and I do not run the risk of being a confounded nuisance to others.

As for my own work as a journalist, I submit that it is of supreme national importance, and that the government should give me every opportunity of doing it.

The case for and against the theory of censorship has been argued often enough. And my case against the practice of censorship at any particular time is the possibility that the gentleman in the office of the censor might not be my equal in intellectual attainments and the knowledge of the meaning of English.

For example, say that I wanted to write an article on the Irish situation addressed to Irishmen. Naturally I should have to begin it by making certain statements on the history of Anglo-Irish relations to prove that I was not a renegade, since otherwise my countrymen would very properly disregard anything else that I had to say. And my fear is that this point, so clear to you and me, might not be clear to the official in the office of the censor whose business it was to pass judgment on my literary production.

I presume that these words will come before such a private tribunal before you see them; and my fear is that you will not see them.

It has been put to me that it is one of the disadvantages of war that we have to surrender many rights and privileges, both as individuals and members of associations, and that, while it is right that we should do so, it is one of the dangers of war that when peace comes you don't get back all that you gave.

This is true. But it is also one of the advantages of war. For instance, the Emergency Acts have abolished private property and the power to sweat one another. I trust that they will never come back again, though the landlords and exploiters will try to get them back.

One last word on the *pièce de résistance:* Herr Hitler. I do not agree that he is suffering from egomania. I wish he would think more about himself and less about the Jews and the Nordics and the rest of his crazy obsessions. They will land him in St. Helena shortly.

But I agree in theory that this disease is more likely to attack absolute tyrants than other rulers, and much more likely to attack a democratic tyrant such as Hitler, blown to power on the people's breath, than a king who is there by virtue of his birth.

THE END

Pungently an eminent Irishman ponders the case of his native land

READING TIME
1 MINUTE 10 SECONDS

Revenge without words

Liberty's True Short Short
by Michael Hall

DURING the year 1840 there was a Frenchman who boasted of having killed a dozen English officers, and promised to go on in this work.

One evening he swaggered as usual into his favorite café, and, to his astonishment, actually saw one of those hated *Anglais* occupying his chair, a chair that no one hitherto had dared to sit upon but himself.

Mastering his passion, he undid his sword belt and, having placed his sword on one side, began to insult the perfectly inoffensive English officer who sat so calm-looking in his (the Frenchman's) chair.

He trod on the Englishman's toes, he deprived the Englishman of his candles, he went from one thing on to another without at all being able to disturb the other's placidity.

At last he snatched the newspaper out of the Englishman's hand; and then the Briton slowly rose up, displaying to the astonished eyes of the Gaul a guardsman some six feet six inches tall.

The giant, bending across the table, seized hold of the Frenchman's nose with one hand and his chin with the other, wrenched his mouth open, and spat down his throat.

With a howl, the Frenchman held his underjaw with both hands and ran out of the room.

His jaw was broken; and neither he nor any of his comrades was seen again at that café.

The English officer was the late General Sir James Simpson who for a long time commanded in the Crimea, and who was, in his time, the tallest man in Great Britain's army.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

NOTICE HOW MANY MEN PICK WIVES WITH LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXIONS"!

TO HELP KEEP YOUR SKIN ALLURING, USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS!

SO YOU'RE ENGAGED TO ED! HOW GRAND! I'VE NOTICED THAT SUCCESSFUL MEN USUALLY PICK GIRLS WITH "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXIONS" LIKE YOURS! I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY DRY, LIFELESS SKIN...
HAVE YOU TRIED PALMOLIVE SOAP? IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY SKIN!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, RADIANT!

WELL, YOUR GORGEOUS COMPLEXION CERTAINLY SPEAKS WELL FOR PALMOLIVE! SO, I'M GOING TO GET SOME RIGHT NOW! HERE'S HOPING THAT BEFORE LONG I'LL BE ANNOUNCING MY ENGAGEMENT, TOO!

MADE WITH
Olive and Palm Oils
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATOR FRANK BENSING

DARK fortune

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

New surprises, new thrills enter an exciting short novel of lovers and money and mystery

JOAN MEREDITH, returning by bus to New York from Washington, where she has covered the visit of the King and Queen of England for a trade paper, Smart Fashion, takes charge of a bag for an old man who falls ill and has to be rushed to a hospital. The man, Elias Holland, asks her to see that his son, Sprague, whom he hasn't seen in years, gets the bag. He gives her an old letter from his son with his address in it.

Joan, in her delight at seeing her husband, Bradley Meredith, a charming Englishman who makes a living by gambling, and in the excitement of telling him that she is going to have a baby—a piece of news which she hopes will induce him to try to get a real job—almost forgets about Elias Holland until a telegram from the hospital announces his death.

Bradley reads the son's letter and, from its wording, deduces that the old man has been in prison, but Joan won't believe it. They try to trace Sprague Holland, but cannot find him.

One day Brad stumbles over the bag in the closet and opens it. To his astonishment, under a layer of clothes, he finds neat packages of fifty- and hundred-dollar bills—about one hundred thousand dollars in all!

PART TWO—
A GIRL AND A GAMBLE

THE proceeds of a robbery! That seemed certain. Or was the money counterfeit? The bills looked new, were crisp to the touch. Any third deduction could be ruled out.

The dangers of that amount of money lying around loose became startlingly clear. Fastening the straps, Meredith took the bag to the bedroom, placed it in a far corner of his wardrobe closet. When he entered the living room, Joan was there.

She stared at him. "Brad! Is anything wrong?"

He kissed her, his handsome face revealing a withheld emotion that was struggling to break through. "No, darling. The Gallands," he evaded, "want us to run up to Snow Lake with them tomorrow."

She had sampled these week-ends. The parties Ron and Bunny Galland gave included a noisy and ofttimes vulgar element of sporting and theatrical people. And sooner or later a roulette wheel was uncovered.

Studying her husband, Joan experienced a pinprick of jealousy. Invariably present at these Snow Lake week-ends was Rita Colony. Before this strikingly beautiful show girl Brad's customary indifference to other women visibly melted.

"Do you really want to go, Brad?"

"Not particularly."

Joan went to her room. Brad was in one of his extravagant moods again. He suggested an expensive dinner, to be served in their apartment.

"I'll order cocktails," he called to her.

When Joan rejoined him the cocktails had arrived, and she saw at once that he was in the grip of a mounting excitement.

"Joan"—his voice had a quiver in it—"I've got some terrific news for you about Elias Holland. D'you know what's in that bag of his?"

"Of course I don't know."

"About one hundred thousand dollars."

She laughed. "What! That homeless old man?"

"You remember my analysis of that letter he gave you—that he was a jailbird? And now this hundred thousand dollars." He frowned.

She gasped. "Do you mean to say the bag wasn't locked!"

His lids stirred. "It struck me that we might find information in it about his son. I opened the lock with a bit of wire. No information of any kind. A few odds and ends of clothing—and all that money. I put the bag in the bedroom closet. It will be safer there."

She said, after a long silence, "We must tell the police."

Bradley Meredith met this decision

Brad produced ten one-hundred-dollar bills.

with enigmatic eyes. "That was my first thought. But now I'm not so sure of the wisdom of it. I'm afraid, Joan, we're in a bit of a pickle. Police questioning can turn out to be rather disagreeable. It may be hard to prove that Holland gave you his baggage check. Such a statement will appear absurd, considering what the bag contained. That money has been in our possession almost two months. An awkward situation for both of us."

"But we've *got* to do something about it, Brad."

"Exactly. We've got to find Sprague Holland. Shift the responsibility to his shoulders. It's his poison, not ours—"

Find Sprague Holland! During the next week or so Brad devoted himself to the search. From the Yonkers address he had managed to pick up a clue leading him to a boarding-house in Atlantic City, and from there to another address in Trenton. But nobody at the various places could recall Sprague Holland or give any information about him.

IT was a Thursday afternoon. Bradley Meredith entered the door of a fashionable cocktail lounge. Seated in his favorite corner, he said to the waiter, "Whisky-and-soda."

"Yes, Mr. Meredith."

When the drink came Brad laid a hundred-dollar bill on the table. "Better check up on that one, Ernest," he blandly instructed. "I got it in a card game, and it might, as you say over here, be a phony."

"Looks all right to me, sir. I'll take all I can get of them."

The waiter brought him his change on a tray, a large pile of bills. Brad passed fifty cents across the table.

"Thank you, Mr. Meredith."

Two men came toward the bar, and the taller and younger one continued on to Meredith's table.

"Hello, Brad. All alone? Mind if I join you?" His opaque eyes took the warmth out of his affability. "Sam," he called, "come here a moment." His companion—so thick-set he gave the appearance of fatness, his dark face round and impassive—came toward them with the measured tread of a penguin. "Brad—meet Sam Brento."

Brento offered a pudgy and hairy hand enlivened by a solitaire ruby.

"Sit down, Mr. Brento." Brad's invitation wanted cordiality. "How are you, Ronnie? Join me in a drink?"

Ron Galland nodded, and, as though their wants were known, a waiter brought him a Tom Collins and put down a glass of milk in front of Brento.

"Sam's the answer to a maiden's prayer," Ron Galland chuckled. "'The lips that touch liquor must never touch mine!' Doesn't smoke, either. But don't ever get into a stud or crap game with him, Brad."

When Sam Brento had left them, Galland whispered, "Doesn't do any harm to know him, although he's hardly the sort of guy you'd pal around with. He's got a case on our friend Rita Colony."

Meredith rose. "Afraid I must drift, Ronnie. Expect to be with you over the week-end."

He waited two full days before presenting himself at that same table again. He ordered a drink and asked for the manager, George Barat.

"That hundred-dollar bill I gave you last Thursday?"

The manager laughed as though the whole thing were a joke. "Perfectly all right, Mr. Meredith. I took it to the bank myself."

Brad didn't even smile. He left a dollar bill on the table for his drink, and walked down the avenue. In a florist's shop he ordered two dozen roses for Joan and paid fifty dollars on account of his bill.

He opened the door to his apartment with the proprietary feeling of entering his own private bank. But only for an instant. Joan ran to meet him and said:

"I found Sprague Holland!"

"What?"

"I advertised for him." She gave him a letter. "I got this from Philadelphia. I went there by train. I've only just returned."

The letter was signed by a Mrs. Anna Trosicki. The awkward writing stated that a man called Sprague Holland, a book peddler, once stayed in her roominghouse. He died there three years ago—

Bradley Meredith's head lifted spasmodically. One hundred thousand dollars! He looked at Joan in silence, then went into the serving pantry. A bottle rattled against a glass as if held in a jittery hand.

When he returned, his calm, his poise, had disintegrated. His smile wasn't the same. He was intoxicated, and the shock of that realization became all the greater when Joan feared that the alcohol in his veins was *money*.

"We're rich, darling!" he almost shouted. "Our financial troubles are over. We'll invest this money—"

She could only stare at him.

"Don't look so dashed," he laughed at her. "Can't you see we've nothing more to fear? The money's as real as a pocket of gold in an Alaskan creek, and as free for the taking. I cashed one of the hundred-dollar bills the other day."

"But—Brad!" she gasped. "If the money isn't counterfeit, then it's stolen. Sooner or later the police are bound to investigate. They'll trace the bill here—"

"Not the way I went about it," he grinned.

She sank on a chair, gazing at him as if he were an utter stranger. "What made you do it, Brad?" she whispered. "You were risking our happiness—your name—and the future of our—" She couldn't go on.

Lifting her up into his arms, he tried to excuse the risk he possibly might have taken. But he was floundering rather badly. "I've despised myself for not being able to give you the things you deserve—"

"You haven't tried to, Brad."

"I intended to go into the bond business with Trench. I really wanted to make a go of it. This European situation alters everything." His arms tightened about her. "Joan, let's take the first boat to England. My brother has a place in Sussex. If war comes he and I can pop into the army. You and Millicent can hold the fort for us—and you can have your baby there."

HER baby! She lifted a strained face to him.

"The money isn't ours, Brad."

"To whom else does it belong? Don't you see, Joan, we've done all we could to hand it over to Holland's son? Now, since he's dead, it belongs to us." He was kissing her face in a paroxysm of fervor.

"Brad," she cried, "we're harboring—and you're spending—stolen money! We must go to the police."

Plainly he was having a hard time curbing his temper. "The police!" he scorned. "When they got through tormenting us, they'd keep the stuff for themselves."

"Brad, I'll go with you to England—as soon as I can get ready. But not with that money. In some way or other we *must* get rid of it." Now she was trying to cling to him, trying to hold fast to the love she had found through him. "I don't want a lot of money, Brad. Please believe me. There are more precious things in life than money—"

He pulled her arms away from him and his look was a blow. "Here, by some magical good fortune, we're presented with a hundred thousand dollars. And you want to pitch it into the fire—anything to get rid of it—"

With long strides he went to the hall, grabbed his hat and gloves. Joan flew after him. It wasn't good fortune, she wanted to plead with him. It was black. Already it had unbelievably altered him.

"Brad."

He shook himself free from her. "Let me get out of here. I can't stand your crass idealism—your blasted moralizing—any longer."

BRADLEY MEREDITH took a cab to Grand Central Terminal and got on a train. His wallet contained twelve hundred dollars of Elias Holland's money. He sat alone, gazing out through the window.

Unforgivable, the way he had left Joan. Hellish, the way he had spoken to her. The agony on her face! Brad winced. What had really brought about his brutality was a desire to cross the Atlantic while there was yet a degree of safety—for Joan. Wanted her with him in England. Loved her. Sweet creature. Morally right, of course, about the cursed money. Well, tonight would see. They might cross over without the aid of Holland's booty.

And at 9.56, when he arrived at Snow Lake, Meredith had come there to gamble with all the ice-cold daring that was in him.

The Galland place was a huge all-year-round residence beside a lake; a palatial log cabin. Fireplaces in half a dozen rooms accommodated five-foot logs quite comfortably. Servants in white jackets and gilt buttons dispensed cocktails, various drinks, and sandwiches. Ronnie Galland called it his private rest cure. To Meredith it was more like a madhouse.

In the drawing room they were playing a team game of mental acrobatics. Meredith braced himself against the din and clamor of it. Near the fireplace Rita Colony evidenced her boredom (and her revealing perfection of body) with a squat dark-haired man. Meredith's appearance she noted instantly, and it was as if some one had turned on an electric light in her. Brad bowed, looked again, and saw with the concealed fever of a gambler that her companion was Sam Brento.

Ronnie Galland materialized. "Hello, Brad."

"Is there a card game?" Brad casually inquired.

Galland's reply was indirect. "La Colony brought Sam Brento in her crowd. Maybe he can accommodate you. But I wouldn't—" He stopped, his soulless eyes trying to smile. "Ten, twenty, thirty—or he doesn't care to play."

"Meaning stud?"

"Meaning thousands. Do you feel lucky?"

The cigarette smoke left Meredith's lips in a tranquil cloud. "Now you ask me—I really don't know. I might find out—at your expense."

He went down the steps, from where came the faint but unmistakable click of a roulette ball. Four people were playing, three men and a woman. Two of Galland's regular croupiers were behind the wheel.

Without hesitation Meredith laid a hundred-dollar bill against the first twelve numbers. Eight was the winner. The bill and the three blue chips placed on it he left where they stood. The ball found the 11 socket. Meredith took three of the blue chips and placed them on 8, 11, 5. The latter number won him $3,300 on the play.

Relentlessly he forced his luck. Shortly before eleven o'clock he had chips to the value of $21,000. He made one more play, an even $10,000 on red. As the ball dropped, he felt a slap on his back.

"You old blighter. Now you know you're lucky—and at my expense, as you said."

"Let's hope that will teach you a lesson, Ronnie," Brad said dryly. "Where do I cash these things?"

They went to Galland's private office, where a check was made out. Meredith said, "I'd like to use your phone."

He put in a long-distance call to his New York apartment. The operator reported the line out of order. Bradley left the office. For some reason a chill ran through him. He went to the library and poured himself a liberal portion of whisky, drank it neat. He drank more, decided to go to Albany by car and catch a train from there. In the hall a voice behind him said, "Congratulations. I hear you've had a run of luck."

Rita Colony was dark, with amazingly long eyes which she invariably kept half closed in an inviting smile.

He smiled at her. "Rather unprofessional of Ronnie to broadcast it."

"I didn't hear it from Ronnie."

Brad looked at her. "You once told me that I deliberately avoided you. I said I didn't."

"You said that if you did avoid me, it was because you were more interested in some one else."

"Precisely."

Rita shrugged. "Well, she's not here this evening."

"Offhand, I'd say you were a shameless hussy."

She said candidly, "I dream about you."

Overlooking the lake was a glass-enclosed sunroom. There, in the dark, Bradley Meredith took her in his arms, kissed her, and despised himself for doing so. He realized that the whisky he had taken had slightly intoxicated him. He decided to have more, pushed the bell. Rita sank down on the divan, her dark head resting on the cushions. A waiter came through the open door, looked around. Meredith said:

"Scotch-and-soda." In the velvety gloom he turned to Rita. "Any preference?"

"Yes—you," she whispered. To the waiter she said, "Sparkling Burgundy."

THEY talked of the theater and her part in it. She told him she was married. The husband lived in Seattle. "I can't," she complained vehemently, "get rid of him."

Meredith was vastly amused. To his utter surprise, he heard himself telling her of an English actress he had once been in love with. Unlike him. He had not told Joan about that.

And then, as he was speaking, his head nodded in sleep. His arm was

(Continued on page 26)

"And to think I went out after Rabbits!"

THE MAN IN THE PICTURE has nothing on us.

Fifteen months ago, when we reduced the price of Paul Jones Whiskey, we expected a modest increase in sales. And instead, we saw this whiskey leap *five fold* in popularity!

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PAUL JONES IS NOW FIVE TIMES AS POPULAR AS BEFORE

(Continued from page 24)

around Rita's shoulder, her head on his chest. He couldn't remember drawing her toward him. Arousing him to mental alertness, he heard her say, "But if the robbery took place so long ago, the banks may have stopped checking up on the money. Where do you keep the bag?"

"What bag?" In heaven's name what had he said to her!

"The one with the hundred thousand dollars in it."

"Good Lord!" He burst into laughter, trying to make it sound real. "A fairy story, young lady. Don't tell me you fell for that one! Anything to stop you boasting about your conquests. Let's buzz—join the crowd."

In the lounge Sam Brento and Ron Galland approached them. Sam said to Rita, "I've been looking for you. Charlie's going back tonight, and I think I'll go with him."

She turned to Brad. "Have you met Sam Brento?"

"A recent pleasure." Whatever prompted him, Brad Meredith could never afterward decide, but he made Brento a bow and said, "Sorry you're leaving us. I was about to propose a game of stud."

The squat gambler looked him over with the placidity of a teak Buddha. "I guess that could be arranged. What's your limit?"

"Yours."

The three men and Rita went to Galland's private office. Behind the closed door Meredith and Brento—Toledo blade and howitzer—faced each other across the desk like duelists. The cut was for high, and Meredith won with a queen. Brento spilled a box of matches on the table, counted out two piles of ten.

"Each one a grand," he said.

"Righto."

Sam won the first hand with a king high. In all, only four hands were played, and each time the hole card was revealed, Rita screamed with excitement over the money at stake.

IN the fourth game Brento, as usual, dealt the first card face down. He then gave Brad a three, himself an ace. He placed two matches on the table. Brad glanced at his hole card, saw it was the three of diamonds—giving him a pair at the outset. He covered the bet.

When all the cards were dealt, Brad had a pair of sixes showing; Brento an ace, jack, ten, and three.

Brad asked Galland to credit him with another ten matches, and he bet all of them on his two pairs.

"I'll call," Brento said. "Pair of aces here."

"Have you this innings. Sixes and threes."

He flipped up his hole card, and to his astonishment saw it was the two, not the three, of diamonds! He had committed the unpardonable sin of gambling for high stakes while under the influence of liquor. At once he thought of his drowsiness while on the sun porch with Rita Colony, and his semiconscious confidence about Holland's money. It took all his years of practiced control while gambling to be able to say calmly:

"Couldn't bluff you, I'm afraid. Thanks for the game. What's it add up to, Ronnie?"

"Thirty-two thousand dollars."

"You'll take my check, Mr. Brento—or rather Mr. Galland's check?" Brad endorsed it, laid it on the table, and from his wallet produced ten one-hundred-dollar bills. . . .

JOAN had been unable to sleep until early in the morning. The ringing of the doorbell awakened her. It was eleven thirty, Sunday morning! Brad! She saw that he had not returned. A momentary panic took hold of her.

Throwing on a negligee, she went to the hall and opened the door. Not Brad. It was Gene Maynard, the elevator boy, with a telegram.

"England has just declared war on Germany!" he announced. "Mr. Meredith being British, I thought he'd like to know."

Joan couldn't say a word. Closing the door, she opened the telegram. It was from Brad, sent from Gloversville, New York:

RETURNING AT ONCE. TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION HOLLAND'S BAG. DON'T LET ANY ONE ENTER APARTMENT. DEEPLY REGRET LAST NIGHT. PLEASE FORGIVE ME. BRAD.

Joan no longer hesitated. Late into the night she had debated with herself as to the best thing to do, and now she was determined to carry out her plan.

Adding to her fears, she discovered that the telephone was out of order. That handicapped her, for she wanted, if possible, to avoid getting the help of any one in the building.

A new lock had been affixed to Holland's bag, and she saw that Brad had left the key in it. In a moment she emptied the largest suitcase she had, one with her mother's initials on it. Then for the next half hour she filled it with currency, on top of which she spread Holland's few bits of clothing. This done, she took books from the shelves beside her bed, packed them in Holland's bag, strapped it, locked it, put the key in her handbag, and went out.

An hour or so later, after a late breakfast in Childs, she was back at the apartment house. As she crossed the foyer to the elevator, Mr. Carlin, the manager, called to her.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mrs. Meredith."

Brad! She was sure it was Brad! She could barely speak into the receiver of the desk telephone.

"Is that Mrs. Bradley Meredith?" Not Brad!

"Y-yes."

"This is the East Seventeenth Street police station. Sorry to say your husband, Bradley Meredith, has met with an accident. You'd better get down here right away."

Running out to the street, Joan implored the doorman to get her a taxi. He blew his whistle shrilly. A cab drew up. Joan scrambled in.

"Downtown. East Seventeenth Street police station. Hurry!"

Some intuition of the staggering mystery in store for her came when the taxi driver said, "There's no police station on East Seventeenth Street—not that I know of."

"Drive on. Please drive as fast as you possibly can."

The driver had been right. Frantically Joan told him to take her to the nearest police station, and there she learned that the Police Department had no record of any such accident.

As she returned to her apartment the implication of the fake call began to hammer with bludgeoning force into her heart and brain. Somebody had wanted to get her away from the apartment. Not Brad! No, no, not Brad! Never would he deliberately cause her such anguish as to pretend he had met with an accident. Then who—who?

AGAIN the house manager, his eyes thirsting with curiosity, called to her and handed her a letter. Joan opened it as she went up in the elevator.

Holland Studio,
Woodstock, N. Y.
September 1, 1939.

Dear Madam: Sprague Holland was my father. He died three years ago while my sister and I were in Paris, France. My sister and I would deeply appreciate any information you may have of him. It was only by the merest accident that we saw your ad in a week-old newspaper.

Very sincerely yours,
CHRISTOPHER HOLLAND.

Joan's fingers were so shaky that she fumbled with the key and twice dropped it before she could open her apartment door. Apprehensively her eyes took in the undisturbed arrangement of the living room.

She crossed to the bedroom. The sight of it almost struck her down. Dresser drawers, clothes, hatboxes, suitcases were strewn about the floor. Brad's closet door was closed, and she was almost afraid to open it. Timidly she did so. Elias Holland's bag was no longer there.

In a sudden paroxysm of pain, the room and its shambles began to revolve around her. Joan tried her best to reach for some support to check her fall. Her hands groped pathetically, encountering nothing but air. She fell, face downward, striking the sharp corner of the dressing table as she dropped inertly to the floor.

Who lured Joan away from her apartment? Who, besides Brad, knows about the money and would try to steal it? And what will happen when the thief discovers he has taken the wrong bag? Next week's chapter answers these perplexing questions.

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READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER

Love wins! A joyous tale of what may befall when romance and politics mix

THIS November 5th election will decide the fate of both me and our American system of government. About midnight we will begin to know by the radio returns whether I go to the United States Senate, or if the people of my state, which I loved and served for thirty years as just simple Charlie Callahan, are going to repudiate the system of democracy I built up, with the aid of my loyal boys down in every precinct.

Confidentially, I would not care if the worst happens. I only drafted myself for this race to give my wife a crack at Washington social life.

On Ethel's behalf, let me say she don't care about the social angle personally, because, except for her size, which is now 44, she is still the same unassuming little Ethel Conroy I married when I first begun working up in the state machine.

Ethel was thinking of our daughter Peggy. Peggy was nineteen this summer—the age when a mother has to worry about her daughter getting tangled up with young men seriously.

"Charlie," said Ethel, when I arrived home from the National Convention, "I think for Peggy's sake you should run for the Senate."

I knew what was in her mind. "What's the matter with the nice people Peggy can train with around here?" I said. "We can just wait until she picks out some smart young fellow to be fond of. Then I take him into the organization and guide him along till he piles up enough cash to keep Peggy comfortable on. Then we make him a District Attorney. We find him a nice case, prosecuting a utility company or some other public enemy. So then he has a reputation, and either he goes to Congress or I get him a federal judgeship, whichever Peggy wants."

My wife shook her head. That kind of a husband had been good enough for Ethel Conroy but not for our girl Peggy. I sighed and give in.

The next day I called in the boys and said, "Boys, there is a movement to draft me for the Senate, and if the people of my state insist upon it I cannot refuse. So tell Ed Ramsay to clean out his desk back in Washington. This is his last term. We'll make him governor, and I'll handle the federal end. Incidentally, you'd better have a few thousand of the boys and girls move in on the Republican primary and vote for John Holland to run against me. John is the easiest pushover to beat, and it will be a fine honor for him too, as he has always been a very deserving and nonpartisan Commissioner of Sewers."

Well, things kept going smooth until two months ago, when this fellow Willkie, that the Republicans pulled out of a hat in Philadelphia, come through here and took a crack at me from the rear platform.

The newspaper boys rushed over to my headquarters to see if I would crack back. One of them was Fred Bulow of the Times, who I have known for years. Another was Dave Blake of the Examiner, a youngster who I personally sponsored and got his job for because I like to keep an eye on the city rooms.

I leaned back in my chair and smiled while the photographers worked on me, and then young Dave begun the questions. "Mr. Callahan," he said, "what have you to say about Mr. Willkie referring to you as 'Boss' Callahan?"

"Maybe he calls me that as a compliment," I said affably. "Even an amateur knows that we got this state eighty-five per cent in the bag."

"But what about the Gallup Poll?" Dave objected. "It doesn't show that."

"Son," I said, "when you've been a reporter longer you will know we elect people to offices and not to straw

BY WINSTON NORMAN

polls in this country. Is America a democracy or a quiz program? My information comes from the boys down around the ballot boxes, where statistics really count. Are you paying attention?"

Dave Blake, and in fact all the press boys, had begun craning their necks behind me, and I could tell from the look on their faces there was a woman in the room, and from their expression she must be pretty.

I looked around, and it was my daughter Peggy. She was passing out slips of paper to some of my boys. "Oh, hello, dear," I said. "Just wait a minute, please. . . . Now, boys," I said, "if you will just get your mind on business. Dave Blake was asking me what I had to say about Willkie calling us a machine. You can quote me verbatim on this. Have another cigar, everybody. If a machine means the fine highways I built my state, and pensions for the widow of every humble American that served his party, if it means protecting the man that sweats in organized labor, and the farmer on his plow; or if it means the kind of heart that never let a loyal voter suffer if there was a nickel of federal funds to succor him with—if that's what a machine is, boys, I am proud and happy to leave it to the people on November 5th."

"Who's the cute redhead?" I

heard young Dave Blake mumble.

"The Boss's daughter," Bulow muttered, from behind one of my cigars.

"Jerry," I told my secretary, "transcribe that statement off verbatim and let the boys have it."

I saw Peggy standing beside me now. She handed me a piece of paper and said, "Here's yours, dad."

I SMILED at her, and the flash bulbs flashed. I put on my reading glasses to see what the piece of paper was. It was a windshield sticker which said in large blue letters:

WIN WITH WILLKIE!

I laughed. "My daughter is a great little joker, boys," I told the press. "Always something new."

"Are you really for Willkie, Miss Callahan?" Dave Blake asked her, and they got their pencils ready.

"Am I!" said Peggy suddenly. "I've just seen him at the train. It's the biggest thrill I ever had. We cheered until we were simply hoarse." Peggy smiled.

Bang! The flashlights started popping again. "Hold it, Miss Callahan!" a photographer yelled. "Get that sticker up higher and smile again, please."

"Are you going to vote for him, Miss Callahan?"

"Just a schoolgirl crush," I said.

"I'm only nineteen, so I can't vote, even with Boss Callahan for a dad," Peggy said—and we all laughed, except me—"but I can campaign for Mr. Willkie, and I'm certainly going to do it like mad."

"Never a dull moment in the Callahan family," I told the boys. "Peggy always has a joke. Her poor old dad running for senator on one ticket and Peggy passing out stickers on the other ticket.

"Can't I do that?" my daughter asked, looking serious. "I mean—it doesn't make any difference in the state campaign how people vote nationally, does it?"

"You mean, don't you, Miss Callahan," said young Dave of the Examiner, "that you think people should vote according to the dictates of their own conscience?"

"Son," I said quickly, "you know such a thing can only lead to hopeless chaos in this country, just when democracy is on trial."

Suddenly the room begun evacuating, because my daughter was leaving, and the next thing I knew, I was alone with Lou Garson and my other loyal workers.

I felt a little worried, because with all these amateur statesmen, and the Hatch Clean Politics Law, which puts a limit on the little favors you can lay your hands on to keep democracy operating smooth, almost anything might cause trouble, even a schoolgirl's crush.

Next morning I found Peggy up, bright and beautiful.

"Where were you last night?" I asked. Her mother had told me she didn't get in until 2 A. M.

"Dave and I went dancing at the Rendezvous."

"You don't mean that Blake boy?" I said, frowning. "That penny-ante hack reporter from the Examiner that I personally put where he is and he don't have a nickel to his name?"

"Isn't he nice?" Peggy said. "And he says you can vote for anybody for any office, no matter which party you're registered in or what party the person is in," she added defensively.

"Daughter," I said, "how do you think we could live without the Federal Treasury if I let everybody split their ticket? How do you suppose you got your nice college, and this fine home, and your roadster, except I always served my people on a straight ticket right down the line from the White House to the pound?"

"Do you know who he reminds me of?" Peggy said.

"Who who reminds you of?"

"Dave. Haven't you noticed, dad? Those wide shoulders and the way his hair comes down over his forehead, and he keeps running his fingers through it? And that deep voice, too. Of course Dave is ages younger than Wendell Will—"

"Stop! Never mention that name in my hearing!" I said. "Ethel, you've got to take this daughter of yours in hand, and I won't have her seen with penny-ante reporters, no matter who they look like."

As I reached for my coffee again my eye fell on the morning Examiner, where Willkie's visit was plastered all over the front page, with pictures of him waving from the rear platform. And right in the middle was a smiling picture of me, up in headquarters yesterday, with Peggy handing me that windshield sticker. Underneath it said:

State Boss Joins Excitement. Callahan, Senate Nominee, Receives Win-With-Willkie Emblem from His Lovely Daughter Margaret.

THE first thing I did at headquarters was to shut myself in a back room and put through a call to Henry P. Dillingham, the Republican state chairman. "Listen, H. P.," I told him, "we have been friendly enemies for thirty years. I kept you alive all through Wilson, and you remembered me through Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. The last eight years I saw that you and your boys survived, and I will see to it the next four years, too, so how about playing square and calling off these amateurs that are passing out the stickers and ringing doorbells in my and your precincts? We can't either of us afford wages for that kind of campaign, on account of the Hatch Act."

"I can't stop them. They do it for nothing," he said. We both agreed that was a menace to democratic elections, and Dillingham was as concerned as I was. "The volunteers are ignoring me," he said. "I don't know what's going to happen to me, even if we win."

"You won't," I assured him, "but let's have an understanding right now." We agreed that we would hold this campaign on good sound traditional American principles. We would keep the amateurs out of both sides, and avoid hot potatoes like foreign affairs and national defense. We would fight it out on tariffs, old age, lower taxes, youth, the rights of labor, etc., and we would spend an equal amount for radio time, because otherwise we might compete and get in jail under the Hatch Act.

Then I called up Roger Pope, the publisher. "Roger," I said, "this young Blake which I personally asked you to hire on I must now personally ask you to let go of. I don't like what he wrote about those Democrats we registered Republican to make sure John Holland run against me. He hinted that they were so happy registered Republican, they're not coming back."

"You can't interfere with freedom of the press, Charlie," Pope told me, "and Blake checked on his facts before he wrote that, he says."

FREEDOM of the press is one thing, but the amount of road patronage you got off of me is not any part of the Bill of Rights, and if it wasn't for that money, Pope," I said, "you couldn't afford a newspaper to play with."

That was different. I went to work on my speech that I had to make Thursday night. I could forget about this Blake boy now because I knew that when he spent a few days on a park bench, getting his news from pigeons, he would not be taking an expensive daughter like mine to expensive night clubs.

The meeting Thursday night took place in Civic Auditorium, and Louie Garson and my boys had been rounding up the faithful all week to make sure of a good crowd. It was going on the air, and I felt my throat getting tight already.

"Peggy," I said to Peggy, "your old dad is going to be scared tonight, and the only thing that gives me strength to go ahead with this is knowing you and mother will be there behind me."

"You're a friend of Mr. Pope's at the Examiner, where Dave worked, aren't you, dad?" said Peggy, with a funny look in her gray eyes.

"Oh, so you've been seeing that boy again—that scrub reporter you think looks like So-and-So, have you?"

"Dave says you and Mr. Pope are cronies, and you must have had something to do with it."

"Losing his job, you mean? Oh, did he lose his job?" I added hastily. "That's too bad. He'll get another one, though."

"There aren't any other jobs," Peggy said, with a look that made me feel peculiar. "I'll be at the meeting all right, dad," she said, "but I won't be on the platform."

I thought nothing further of this

(Continued on page 32)

$5,000.00

FIRST PRIZ

2ND Prize $500.00 • 3RD Prize $100.00 • 4TH Prize $25.0

1000 Prizes each { 1 DOZ. No. 211 CANS LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE JUIC AND 1 DOZ. No. 1 CANS LIBBY'S TOMATO JUI

DREAMS COME TRUE. Think of it! Just for writing a few words, somebody's going to get *thousands* of dollars . . . enough to build a house, or put a boy through college. *Why shouldn't that somebody be you?* There are other fine cash prizes, too; and *one thousand* prizes, each a grand supply of delicious Libby's Juices.

SO EASY! To enter, all you do is write in what you think the people in this picture might be saying. They're talking about Libby's Pineapple Juice for breakfast; saying things like: "This unsweetened juice certainly is refreshing" or "What a marvelous *change* for breakfast!" or "Such a time-saver; you just chill and serve."

TASTE LIBBY'S! The best way to get good ideas is just this: *try* Libby's Pineapple Juice for breakfast. See how delicious it is, how much your family enjoys it. It's an excellent source of Vitamin C. And, pressed from pineapples actually ripened in the field and unsweetened, it has a wonderful natural tang.

LAST CALL! No more contest announcements will appear in this magazine. So clip the Entry Blank. Enter *now.*

Libby's
HAWAIIAN
PINEAPPLE JUICE

JUST FILL IN THEIR COMMENTS ABOUT LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE JUICE FOR BREAKFA

Name ..... *City* .....

Address ..... *State* .....

Send to Libby's Contest Judge, Dept. LB-15, 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

READ THE EASY RULES. 1. The people in the picture above are talking about *Libby's Pineapple Juice for breakfast. Write in what you think they might be saying*—one comment in each of the three empty white spaces. You can use this Official Entry Blank and get more at your dealer's.

2. Cash prizes will be awarded as follows: 1st Prize, $5,000.00; 2nd Prize, $500.00; 3rd Prize, $100.00; 4th Prize, $25.00; and 1000 Prizes of 2 dozen cans of Libby's Juices. (1 doz. No. 211 size Pineapple Juice, 1 doz. No. 1 size Tomato Juice). In the event of ties duplicate awards will be made.

3. Send as many entries as you like. With each entry, send *one label from Libby's Pineapple Juice and one label from any other Libby's Juice*—or facsimiles thereof. Stamps and/or money will not be accepted in place of labels. Mail your entries to Libby's Contest Judge, Dept. LB-15, 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

4. Your entry must be original with you, in your own proper name, and over your own signature with your complete address.

5. Entries will be judged not on elaborateness but on the basis of the aptness, uniqueness and effectiveness (selling ideas) of the comments submitted. *Entries must be submitted on an Official Entry Blank.*

6. This contest closes midnight, November 30, 1940. No entries postmarked after this date will be eligible for an award.

7. This contest is limited to residents of the United States and possessions. Employees of Libby, McNeill & Libby, members of their families, and the advertising agents cannot compete.

8. The decisions of the judge will be final. No entries will be returned or acknowledged. All entries will become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby.

9. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the close of the contest.

JUST OPEN A CAN AND *Breakfast is different!*

Libby's Family of Juices includes: Grape; Grapefruit; Kraut; Lemon (adds a tartness to other juices); Orange and Grapefruit; Pineapple; Tomato; Prune (from Dried Prunes). Diluted and sweetened juices: Apricot; Apricot and Orange; Loganberry. Pressed from sun-ripe fruits and vegetables, they're all delicious. **Refreshing . . . any time o' day!**

"You can Taste the Flavor of Ripe Apricots!"

SAYS OLD MR. BOSTON

Enjoy my Apricot Nectar—the largest-selling liquor of its kind in the world

YES—and I believe your very first taste will tell you why my Apricot Nectar is the largest-selling liquor of its kind in the world today. It is a rich, hearty liquor with the tempting flavor of luscious, fresh-picked apricots. Drink it straight. A handy drinking cup tops each pint bottle.

OLD MR. BOSTON
APRICOT NECTAR
Also Blackberry • Peach • Wild Cherry—70 Proof

A Beverage Liqueur prepared by
Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

(Continued from page 30)

until I stood up in full dress after the outgoing governor introduced me at the rally.

"Honorable Governor," I begun, "distinguished visitors, loyal party workers, and ladies and gentlemen. . . . I appear before you tonight, not in the garb of an orator, but only as you have always known me as just simple Charlie Callahan, who accepts this draft reluctantly because his heart is in the building of your fine roads . . ."

"What roads did you ever build, Callahan?" somebody yelled from the crowd, and the excitement begun.

"Just be patient, my friend!" I told him, departing from the text. "Every citizen will get a chance to express themselves later. I am afraid of nobody. As I was saying, I appear before you tonight, not in the garb of an orator . . ."

"Never mind the guff! What about national defense?" somebody else shouted.

I could see right away that Louie Garson and the boys must have let some ringers slip into this crowd.

"Listen, you!" I said to this heckler. "National defense and foreign affairs don't come up in my speech, as I remember, but we take a firm stand on it. We are in favor of it. We are in favor of democracy and the American way of settling things, freedom of worship, the rights of labor, and the poor. So what are *you* in favor of?"

"Willkie!" he shouted.

WHILE the boys were sidling over to throw him out, and I was trying to find my place in the speech again, a girl's voice come from the back of the auditorium that sounded like my daughter Peggy's, yelling, "We want Willkie!" and pretty soon a large section of the gallery begun stamping their feet and chanting, "*We—want—Willkie!*"

It was Philadelphia all over again—the gallery taking charge. I begun yelling my speech, and the governor come up, looking worried, to help me.

"What the hell do we do now, governor?" I said. "Isn't this a hell of a situation?"

"S-s-s-sh! Don't say 'hell,'" he warned me. "You're on the air."

I had forgotten the microphone, but from then on it didn't matter, because after the riot was finally put down, my speech run past the fifteen minutes we could afford to buy under the Hatch Act, and anyhow I had been cut off for using profanity before I ever got beyond the garb of an orator.

Afterwards, when everybody swarmed around Ethel and I to offer sympathy, I said, "Never mind. I am not a speechmaker, but we've still got this state 85 per cent in the bag."

"Eighty-five per cent?" somebody said. "Are you sure? Did you see today's poll in the Times?"

"What poll?" I said.

"The straw poll by the Institute of What America Thinks. It shows Willkie with 44 per cent of the vote."

I told everybody what I always say—that we are still running for offices in this country, and not quiz programs. But just in case they were taking these what-do-you-think surveys seriously, I told Louie Garson, next day, to have the boys ring doorbells until that straw poll dropped Willkie down to around 15 per cent, where I knew he ought to be.

"You mean it, Boss? Listen—that road work is tough on the feet," Louie complained. "How much do the boys get for this job?"

"Nothing," I told him. "As patriotic citizens they can at least defend their liberties free of charge, like those amateurs on the other side."

Then I phoned the Times and told the managing editor that both I and the Republican organization disapproved of polls, and he could drop this one because a lot of his advertising clients owed me little favors.

"Just forget it, Callahan," he said, in a tone that you should never address your next senator with. "We haven't gone to work on you under the Hatch Law provisions yet. How would you like a year in jail?"

"A year in jail would seem peaceful," I said. "Where did this phony Institute of What America Thinks originate from?"

"It's run by a young analyst named Blake. He used to be with the Examiner. We loaned him a desk. Our circulation staff counts the ballots. The only office help he uses is one girl, and she's a volunteer."

"Oh," I said. "Has she got red hair?"

"They usually do," he said, and hung up.

That night I waited until after 1 A. M., and when Peggy got home I knew by the happy look on her face that she had been dancing at the Rendezvous again, and I knew who she had been dancing with and who he looked like.

I ASKED if she thought it was fair, running polls against me, and joining volunteers, to say nothing of dancing with this boy which damaged my senatorial dignity.

"You had Mr. Pope fire Dave, didn't you, dad? Look me in the eye," she said.

"Whose idea was this silly poll of What America Thinks?" I demanded, not looking her in the eye.

"Mine and Dave's," she said. "Everybody is survey-minded nowadays, so Dave decided to try it till he found another job, and they liked it at the Times."

"I'll give him a job. What does he want? Highway Commission? Racing Commission? Or what?"

Peggy shook her head. Dave liked public opinion surveying so much he was going to stay with it now. I told her, all right, then. She and this Blake boy had asked for it. The state was 85 per cent in the bag, and he was going to look very silly on Tuesday, November 5.

The next morning I had not slept well, because I knew our American system was being weakened by these straw-poll amateurs and ticket splitters. But down at headquarters I saw something that might develop into an idea. Louie Garson was sitting around resting his feet, which he and the boys had not used very much, because Willkie was now up to 51 per cent. I demanded to know what they were sitting around for at a time when democracy was threatened, and Louie said, "See, Boss?" He pointed to a stack of that morning's edition of the Times, which he had torn the coupons out of. He pointed to where the coupon said:

Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....

THEN he pointed to the telephone book, which was open to Q. He put his finger on a phone listing: "Quincy, Mrs. Anna P. . . . RA 36-952." Then he wrote the name on the coupon and looked up at me. "See, Boss? It's quicker, and not so tough on the gams. I got all the boys doing it."

They all had phone books and Times coupons.

"Louie," I said, "I'm ashamed of you. That's not only mild forgery, but probably a violation of the Hatch Act. You shouldn't write it 'Quincy, Mrs. Anna P.' You should write it, 'Mrs. Anna P. Quincy.' And they don't want her telephone number. That line says 'Occupation.' She's probably a housewife."

They got some City Directories to check occupations, also a few wives and female cousins they could trust for the women's handwriting, and quite a few girls to tear the coupons out which the rest of the people filled in names on.

I had nothing to do with this business, although it was a little hard to not notice it, with City Directories and people spread around my headquarters, until Louie rented the top two floors of an empty building, which give me more room but was a blow to campaign funds.

Willkie had risen to 55 per cent before Louie got enough helpers who could write fast enough, and by the time Willkie had dropped down to 42 per cent there was four hundred people on the pay roll, in two buildings. It was costing more money than we could lay our hands on under the Hatch Act.

At the end of the third week, when Willkie had sunk to 35 per cent, Roger Pope of the Examiner phoned me, and he sounded worried. "Listen, Callahan," he said. "I understand a daughter of yours is mixed up with this Blake boy you had me fire. If you want my support in this campaign, you or your daughter will have to stop this straw poll. My circulation has dropped ten thousand already."

"Never mind," I said. "It's just these damned amateurs. Hold on until November 5."

"I'll be wrecked by November 5. Either you do something, or we start a poll in the Examiner too."

"Take it easy," I said. "Shoot me over a check for two thousand dollars and everything will turn out fine. Make it a personal and not a company check, on account of the Corrupt Practices Act."

"Two thousand dollars?" he screamed in the phone. "What for?"

I told him what for. Some of it was for salaries of the loyal workers filling in straw ballots with names, addresses, and occupations. Salaries mount up when you are hiring quiet people. A lot of money went for copies of the Times, at five cents apiece. "The rest of it is for stamps, envelopes, pencils, and different colors of ink," I told Pope, "and boys to mail ballots from outlying precincts. Shoot me that check and we can push him down to 15 per cent, where he belongs."

And we did too. I started downstairs with a smiling face today, because I wanted to see it in print.

I sat down for my coffee. My wife patted me on the arm and kept the Times away from me. "Remember now, Charlie," she said, "what the doctor told you about your systolic pressure."

"Let's have that paper, Ethel," I chuckled. "Eighty-five per cent in the bag!"

Like all Americans, Carole Landis, star of the Hal Roach production, "Road Show", is highly interested in...

...this year's U. S. Army maneuvers such as those at Ft. Benning, Ga., in which 45,000 men took part. While at Ft. Benning, practically all of the army's 7,000 trucks...

...tanks and other motorized equipment were powered with the new Sinclair H-C Gasoline -- famous for Double-Range Anti-Knock performance. For high anti-knock at all speed ranges, use...

...the new Double-Range H-C in your car. It sells at the price of regular grade. And when you fill up with H-C, ask your dealer about his special Sinclair-ize for Winter service. It makes starting quicker, shifting easier, driving safer.

I opened to the front page, and there was the total, 85 per cent, just like I always predicted, but above it was a headline about a yard long which said:

CALLAHAN FRAUD EXPOSED

I looked up around the breakfast table.

"Now, Charlie," Ethel said, patting me on the arm.

"What's *he* doing here?" I asked, pointing at the Blake boy, sitting beside Peggy, and he seemed to be having breakfast with us.

"Peggy thought I'd better talk to you privately about something, Mr. Callahan," this Blake boy told me, "because it might be a shock to you."

I felt confused. Ethel kept patting my arm. I looked down at the newspaper again. Under the headline there was quite a lot of candid-camera pictures of people busy writing things on coupons. Some of the people looked like people I knew before, including Louie Garson and the boys.

"Mr. Callahan," young Dave apologized, "I'm an independent analyst. If you see anything there, I wasn't responsible for it."

"Don't interrupt me," I told him, because I was looking at another item on Page 1, which was a photostatic copy of a check for $2,000 from Roger Pope, in my name, which was nobody's business, except I had forgotten that this amount, plus what we took off of him before, added up to more than the $5,000 which the Hatch Act says you can take off of any one source. The result can be a year in jail, which the Times pointed out, in case anybody ever took the Hatch Act seriously.

It only showed what could happen to a man's head when he put his neck out in public for the sake of his daughter, because in thirty years, as simple Charlie Callahan, I never let my foot slip in politics before.

I was surprised there was room for it on Page 1, with all the other things, but there was also a two-column editorial:

GHOST POLL

The final results of the straw poll are a tribute to the power of that beloved friend of humanity, simple Charlie Callahan. If we are to believe our eyes, the total of men and women (and innocent children) who oppose Willkie in the Times' circulation area alone is greater than the population of the entire state. More marvelous still, if not downright spooky, is the fact that approximately 12,000 deceased persons, some of them dead for as long as ten years, have mailed us their ballots against Willkie. These ballots are in our files, for any reader to inspect, so what use to deny the supernatural? Besides, now is the time for all good spirits to come to the aid of the machine, because otherwise the living voters of this state will consign the entire Callahan organization to eternal rest on Tuesday, November 5. *Requiescat Callahan in pace* . . .

I looked up, feeling surprised. "Somebody must have slipped in records from the coroner's office," I explained. "Or else Louie Garson certainly gets around."

"Dave's going to Washington, dad," Peggy announced suddenly. "He's going to be special correspondent for the Times."

"Oh," I said. "That's fine."

Ethel kept patting my arm. "They'll have a guest room, so we old folks can drop in for a visit. Of course," Ethel added, giggling, "not till after the honeymoon."

"Oh, of course not," I said. "But what the hell, Ethel—we'll be in Washington ourselves next January."

"That's what Peggy wanted me to speak to you about privately, Mr. Callahan," Dave said, with a solemn-looking face. "When the Times saw that the straw poll was getting—well, peculiar—they asked me to do a confidential house-to-house survey. It shows Willkie 50 per cent and your organization 50 per cent."

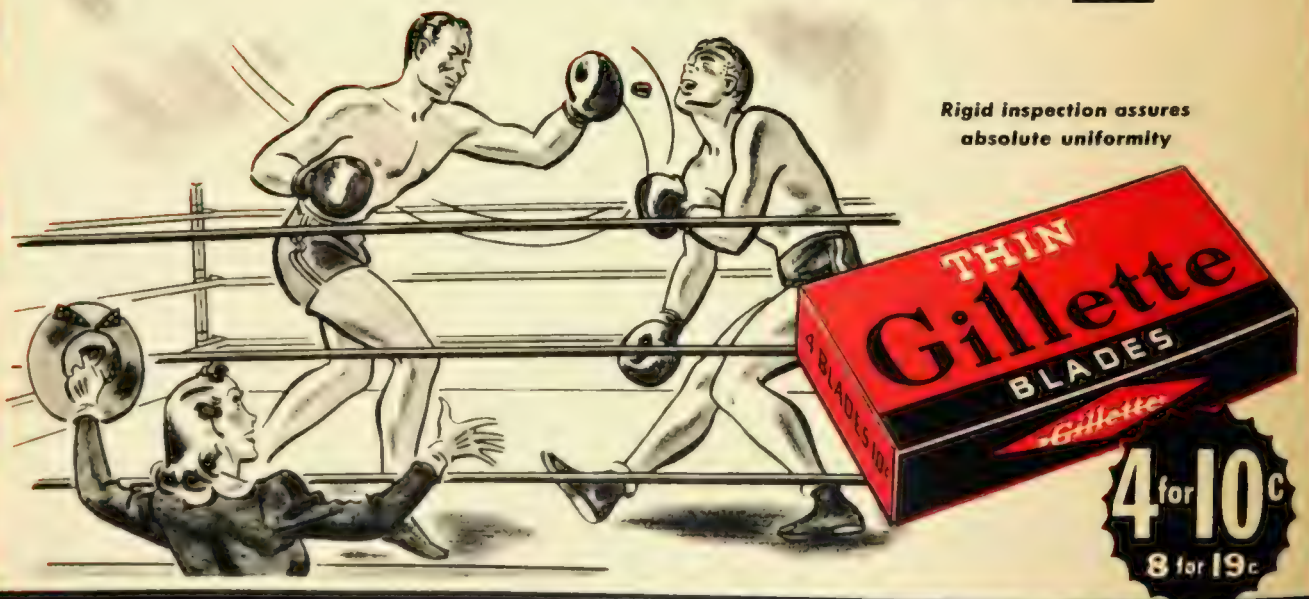
"Fine! Fine!" I said jovially.

"But about the senatorial race. I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Callahan. Public opinion seems to be John Holland 69 per cent, Callahan 23 per cent, undecided 8 per cent."

"Well, I'll be a hundred per cent damned!" I told my future son-in-law. But nobody can ever say I fell down on my duty as a father. Because, whatever happens, Peggy is going to Washington.

THE END

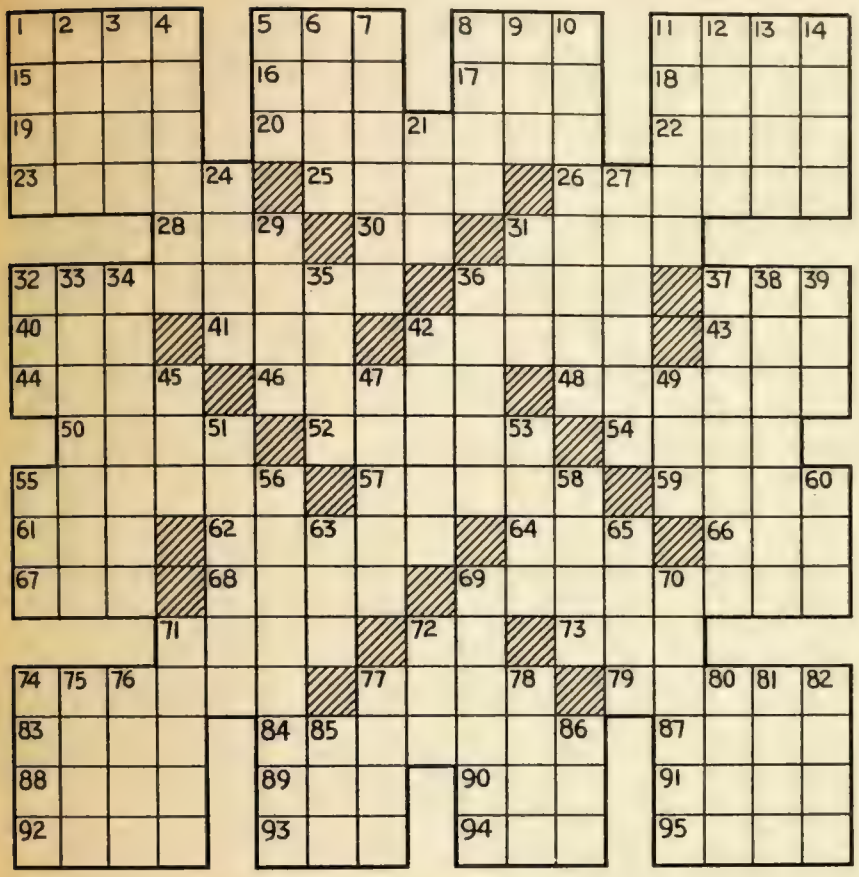
Deal tough beards a knockout blow,
And save yourself both time and dough:
Use Thin Gillettes for shaves that click—
You'll find it's easy to look slick!



The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

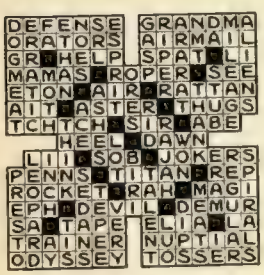
CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 Flower
5 Tree
8 A whim
11 Money
15 Chide with vehemence
16 Sound of a pigeon
17 Anger
18 Indicating entrance
19 Portent
20 Mexican dish (pl.)
22 End
23 Mohammedan prayer
25 Fury
26 Fruit
28 Spread for drying
30 Depart
31 Winged
32 Produce
36 Measure of weight
37 Era
40 Poem
41 Pronoun
42 Baseball glove (pl.)
43 Recently made
44 Washes
46 Title
48 Geological term
50 Drinking vessels
52 Placed in a heap
54 Cognomen
55 Part of the mouth
57 Peels
59 Ecclesiastical court
61 Greek letter
62 Color
64 Insane
66 Pinch
67 Through
68 Appearance
69 Dissect alive
71 Coin
72 Mathematical symbol



Last week's answer

73 Day preceding
74 Sea soldier
77 Person conveyed in a vehicle
79 Worship
83 Leave out
84 Relate
87 State emphatically
88 Identical
89 Hint on which to act
90 Non-Jew (Jewish)
91 Small child (pl.)
92 Outbuilding
93 Add to
94 Number
95 Otherwise

VERTICAL

1 Metal
2 Vishnu
3 Also
4 Legislative body
5 Part of a play
6 Sail upward
7 Obeisance
8 Rub smooth
9 Part of to be
10 Uninhabited
11 Roll of tobacco
12 Soon
13 Male red deer
14 Cavity
21 In the past
24 Cipher
27 Kind of garlic
29 Smear
31 Skill
32 Procured
33 Instruct
34 Pertaining to a heavenly structure
35 Snare
36 Eating car
37 Flower
38 Pertaining to origin
39 Female sheep
42 Of certain teeth
45 Watering place
47 Come to maturity
49 Conveyance
51 Part of a flower
53 Prefix: half
55 Vim (slang)
56 Distinction
58 Preserve
60 Appropriate
63 Wager
65 Prima donna
69 Vixen
70 Dignified
71 Quoted
72 Common level
74 Lichen
75 Nurse, in the Orient
76 Congealed dew
77 Unfettered
78 School in England
80 Elliptical
81 Color (pl.)
82 Gaelic
85 A sea bird
86 Part of the head

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

3 ways to read a Book :

1 If your home has been plunged into gloom by bulb-snatching (the habit of robbing one light socket to fill another), you can always take your chair out in the driveway and read by the headlights of your car.

2 Or you could commandeer all the old gift lamps you've been afraid to give away for fear of offending your wife's relatives . . .

3 Or you can take what change there is in your pockets, go down to the corner, and get enough G-E MAZDA lamps at new low prices so you can laugh at "bulbsnatchers" and keep your own 100 watt bulb in your own reading lamp!

REDUCED PRICES

7½, 15 and 25 watt now only..... 10¢

40, 50 and 60 watt were 15¢, now..... 13¢

75 and 100 watt already down to.... 15¢

100-200-300 watt already down to.... 60¢

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

What am I living for?

"It's America against the world!" Thought-provokingly a business man ends his story . . . and looks ahead

IF anybody had ever told me that I'd one day find myself head over heels in politics, I'd have said he was crazy. It had always been my principle that the less a business man mixes with the politicians the better off he is. Not that I don't believe that there are lots of decent patriotic men in politics, but I could never figure out why that kind of person went in for politics.

That's what I thought before I became a politician myself—before I went overboard with a splash.

We were sitting around one day, wondering what to do next. The strike was on. The picket line was still crowded. Some of the men and women were working and sleeping in the plant, but business was all shot. There had been a little more fighting, but nobody had been killed after the first battle. Still, I didn't enjoy being called a murderer in the press when, as everybody knew, I'd had nothing to do with that riot. We were pretty low in spirit because of the way things were going.

My son, Junior, said, "There's something wrong, dad, when a business like ours, that's existed so long, can be shot to hell like this. There's something wrong with the country when that can happen."

Well, I didn't know the definite answer to that, but it struck me as a right idea. "But," I said, "it isn't this business alone, boy. It isn't the Clarke Company alone. It's fundamental."

Well, for a couple of hours we cursed the politicians down in Washington. We cursed away at the President. But, frankly, I was pretty tired of that kind of talk. We were losing money hand over fist and our men and women were out of work and our competitors were getting our business, so what was the use of cursing and kicking? You've got to do something in a situation like that. But what can you do?

It seemed to me the time had come to have a talk with my "pink" daughter, Margaret. She had become a proper pain in the neck. She had stood on the picket line fighting the Clarke Company which gave her bread and lipstick and the crazy books she reads. The only concession she would make to us was to stay in Cleveland instead of Akron. Still, I thought I might get some light from her. So I went to Cleveland to see her.

"Your gang is bound to lose out, dad," she opened up. "You once managed to control the politicians. You paid for their elections. That gave your class control of the state. In those days the United States was a plutocracy controlled by the capitalists."

I bit my tongue and let her go on.

"Now we of the masses know that we possess power," she said. "When it comes to politics, the vote of an unemployed worker is as good as yours. You have one vote and he has one vote. Only there are more of him than there are of you, and they are—the masses are—organized."

"But doesn't common sense prove to you that a man of my experience is more likely than that unemployed

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

By an Economic Royalist

as told to GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

fellow to know what's good?" I asked.

"Good for whom?" she demanded.

"Good for the country," I said.

"Whose country? You see, dad, what you don't seem to be able to understand is that when you talk about what's good for the country, you mean the country as you want it to be. Your country—the country that your class tries to dominate. But when we talk about what's good for the country, we mean the kind of country we hope to create here. And we've got the votes."

Well, I couldn't help admitting that there was a lot in what she said. This strike showed me that we business men had nobody and nothing to rely on. We had no allies. But how were we going to get around all this?

As I've told you, I like to talk things over with my wife, Helen, who's been pretty sound all along, even if she is on what she calls the liberal side. So that night I told her I'd been to Cleveland to see Margaret, and how Margaret had some things that we'd missed. Then I sprang it on her that, the way I figured the new age in which we lived, it was becoming a struggle for the control of men. In the old days we business men had plenty of control over men. But now the politicians are taking away from us our right to hire and fire, and when wages stop, the politicians provide the eats out of taxes.

So, I told Helen, the only thing to do is for the business man to organize and go into politics.

"You in politics!" Helen muttered.

Well, the next morning I gathered together my clan in the office and announced that I was going into politics. Tim Loring objected violently. He insisted that if I got too deep in politics, I'd kill the business.

Our sales vice-president, Joe Baker, said, "H. D., we sell to Republicans, Democrats, Communists, Methodists, and Jews. We've got no business offending any of our customers. What's more, if you analyze the figures, our biggest customer, day by day, is Uncle Sam and he's a New Dealer. You have to stick by the principle that the customer's always right."

"I'm a citizen, Joe," I answered, "and I've got as much right as any man to have my say about government."

"Would you run for office, H. D.?" Joe asked.

"Maybe," I answered.

You should have seen their faces. There were only two who stood by me. My son, Junior, was all for it. He said, "Dad, we people who have money have a social obligation to use it for the welfare of our people according to our best judgment." The other one who supported me was the young publicity man, Bill Lewis. He put it all on theoretical grounds. His argument ran like this:

"In a democracy, the theory is that each individual participates in the control of government directly and actively. In the United States as it now is, this does not happen. Government is controlled by pressure groups. Labor, farmers, business men, schoolteachers, dentists, pacifists—all kinds of people organize pressure groups to influence and affect the course of government.

"Under the capitalist system the business men are the least competent of the pressure groups, because the competitive system stimulates diverse interests. The capital-goods people fight the consumer-goods people. The wholesalers fight the chain stores. Big Steel fights Little Steel.

"What business needs is a unifying force around certain fundamental principles. It needs a religion. Those fundamental principles are democracy, private enterprise, and the rights of the individual.

"If you go into this, you don't want to be a mossback, H. D. I am convinced that we can achieve all the social reforms that even the most radical advocate, without compromising over democracy, private enterprise, and the rights of the individual."

LATER, when I made a speech on the subject, Bill wrote it for me. He had me off spouting philosophy when what was in my heart to say was, "Boys, they've ganged up on us and we've got to meet them head on." But nobody would let me say that. I had to agree to let everybody in the place go over speeches and interviews. They were scared that I would go wild at any moment.

I put Phillip Snyder in charge of my political relations. Phillip was a lawyer and a good contact man and he had a level head. But we both found that we were up against a kind of trade-unionism in politics. The insiders, the professional politicians, didn't want us. I got pretty tired of them. Before long I reached the conclusion that the reason the schoolboys who were managing the New Deal ran circles around senators and congressmen and governors and state chairmen was because the older men had lost contact with the people.

For a while I spent lots of time meeting professional politicians. At first I didn't click. Most of the time, I'm sure, they wondered what my game was. Then, when word seemed to get around that I was really interested, a bunch of locusts came down on me. A few of them got me for some real money before I got on to them. They were all fiery patriots. They were for God, flag, and the Constitution for what was in it for them. Some of them worked in the open and some had secret societies. Some ran detective agencies and sent me confidential reports. Some were tied up with queer religious movements.

I gave one of these boys $5,000 because his line of patriotism hit a soft spot. The next thing I knew, he was circulating an anti-Jew book, which I had never seen or read, with my compliments! The sales department came across it and raised particular hell. And I knew Bill Lewis was sore, because he was a Jew, and I had a letter from Margaret asking me when Hitler was giving me a decoration.

I kicked this gang out quick. I

was getting pretty discouraged. But meanwhile Junior got in with a crowd of younger business men in New York, and before I knew what was happening I found out that Tim Loring and Phillip Snyder were on committees of all the big organizations of business men in the country.

It was just about this time that an idea came to me that hit on all cylinders. The business was all shot anyhow for the time being, and there wasn't one thing I could do about it. All we seemed to be doing was sitting around and wondering who was going to swat us next. I didn't like it. I couldn't see the use of it.

Then I couldn't stand all this breaking up of the family. I was more than pleased with the way Junior had turned out. But what about Helen and Margaret? Even Helen was drifting away from me. And Margaret and I were not only of different generations — we were of different worlds.

Well, then, what was to keep me from seeing her world? And what was to keep us from bringing the family together again on one great big picnic in Europe?

The idea took. Everybody was for it. Junior wanted to study labor relations in Sweden. Margaret made me promise that I would go to Soviet Russia, and she oiled the wheels to get us into that place. And Helen wanted to hear some German opera.

That trip to Europe was something different. I had been going over on business pretty regularly since 1918. But this time I wanted to get to the heart of things, and I found plenty. Things weren't so hot in Europe either. The English had, of course, worked out their industrial relations better than we had, but they paid pretty low wages from an American standpoint. But the big thing I learned in England was that business was in politics up to the hilt and they didn't camouflage. They even sat in Parliament.

I wouldn't give you two cents for the workingman's paradise, Soviet Russia, which made Margaret so nutty. What I saw there was slave labor and oppression and hate. And it was the same in Germany. I spent four months of 1938 in Europe and I was mighty glad to get back to Akron, Ohio.

When I've got to think something out, I want to be alone. On the boat back I had plenty of time all to myself. What was wrong with me? I asked myself. In business I could chart a course and sail it. But when I wanted to serve my country and my fellow man, I didn't know how.

Then one night it came to me like a flash that what we business men want to establish, what we're battling about, is that there is no substitute for democracy and private enterprise. None. All right! I decided to fight on that issue.

The job was to give the middle class of America, the small and large business men, the professional men, the farmers, a religion, and to mobilize them behind it.

I belonged to nineteen or twenty business organizations. Those would be the nucleus. By this time some of the larger ones had come around to where they were willing to do first-rate jobs of presenting the attitude of business men directly to the people, but I felt that lots of them were just talking to themselves. I wanted to sell the gospel of American democracy and private enterprise to everybody in America!

I started to travel around the country making speeches. I became a one-man mission. Once, in a speech, I said: "We have been negative. We've sulked and we've sneered. We've resented the lies and the smears, but we have offered nothing in place of ideas and plans and schemes that we think are crazy.

"I am convinced that the great body of Americans believe in democracy and private enterprise. Their stake in life is in them. They have more to lose from collectivism than we have because they can't afford to buy their way out or run away. They'll become slaves, as the workingman in Germany is a slave.

BUT those people are afraid of us. They fear that we only preach democracy and private enterprise; that actually what we want to give America is a kind of Fascism. We have been careless in the presentation of our case. We have been negligent in the defense of our cause.

"The time has now come to make sacrifices. We must mobilize American industry in the cause of private enterprise and democracy. We must re-educate ourselves. We must cleanse ourselves of rotten practices, police ourselves against abuses. We must justify our existence by the value of our services to the community.

"I am taking a leave of absence from my business to dedicate all my time and energy to this task. I say, if America fails, my business isn't worth a damn anyhow. Therefore, into this job of mobilizing for private enterprise and democracy I go full time and full strength. And, gentlemen, I'm going into politics. I'm going to run for public office. That's what we should all do. We should get out on the firing line."

Well, that speech took. I never saw these cold, stodgy, weary business men get so excited. Pledges of time and money came from all sides. We were on a moral crusade. And it isn't over yet. To me, this is America against the world. It's the struggle between the freedom of the American way of life and the slavery of Europe.

And we're going to win. Every day I see more signs that we're going to win.

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this series the names of the persons have been fictional, and so has the Clarke manufacturing company. But the incidents have been fact, straight from life.

Parkay is the smacking-good new margarine made by Kraft. In addition to using Parkay as an appetizing spread for bread, rolls, toast . . . try it as a *flavor* shortening. Pie crusts and cakes are so much better than when made with bland, tasteless shortenings. Parkay is wonderful for pan fried foods, too. It doesn't spatter or stick to the pan. Buy Parkay today!

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

PINK high-school girls hang on to their pink boy friends like a puppy to a root. . . . Among budding radicals the young female is redder, rougher, and much more tenacious than the young male. . . . When boys in their teens begin to outgrow reddish tendencies, the hardest part of the cure is getting rid of their pink pets. . . . A radical girl will fight tooth and nail to keep a radical boy from straying off with a girl who isn't red. . . .

It strikes me that parents and teachers may be interested in the above observations, conveyed to me by Thomas Eugene Haggerty, nineteen-year-old high-school student of Rosedale, Long Island, who recently won the American Legion's oratory award, besting a junior field of 161,000. For his prize address Tom Haggerty chose *The Constitution—A Guarantee of Human Rights.* I was very glad to meet him at the Legion's national convention in Boston, and to talk with him about the political trends of young American minds. In his opinion, few of our school faculties try as sincerely as they should to prepare our young people for *responsible* citizenship. Radicalism is too *fashionable,* Tom thinks, both in classroom and on the campus. . . . "At all my high-school parties," he said, "the only reason for which I ever saw a boy get his face slapped by a girl was because he told her he didn't believe in Communism."

☆ Crime and cookery seem to develop closer and closer connections, but the tie-up hasn't anything to do with villainous victuals. What interests me is the fact that in popular fiction, nowadays, the best detectives are very fancy eaters. This is *new.* Sherlock Holmes, as you may remember, was a dope addict, thin as a shad, without table gusto. The leading Sherlocks of today—Thatcher Colt, Nero Wolf, Monsieur Poirot, Inspector Maigret—all are *trencher-men.* Wolf, Poirot, and Maigret are fatties, and no wonder! I've been so intrigued by the change in detective appetites that I wrote to Anthony Abbot, creator of Colt, for a list of Thatcher's favorite dishes. Here is *part* of the list: "Southern fried chicken in Richmond, Virginia . . . North Carolina corn pone . . . New England clam chowder and creamed lobster stew . . . Biscay octopus and swordfish . . . brown-flour muffins at the Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville . . . hamburgers or *crepes* at the Colony Restaurant . . . Joe's half-hour salad at the Café Society . . . yakamin at Lum Fong's . . . pears in champagne at La Perouse . . . the Adventure Club's turtle-steak dinners at the Café de los Americas . . . Portuguese roast duck with orange juice . . . coco glacé in Havana . . . Italian farmers' cake . . . little yellow-tomato preserves from the eastern shore of Maryland . . . Baltimore snowballs with strawberry flavoring." . . . *Now* you know why so many youngsters want to be detectives. They're just *hungry!*

☆ Thought you might want the recipe for *Real New England Clam Chowder,* mentioned above. In the good old days Thanksgiving dinner often began with a small portion of this. . . . Cook 2 sliced onions and 6 diced potatoes 15 minutes in water to cover. Add 1 quart finely chopped clams; cook 15 minutes more. Fry brown and drain 3 slices salt pork cut in half-inch cubes. Put fried pork and its fat into chowder pot. Add 1 quart warmed milk, 2 tablespoons butter, pepper and salt. Serve steaming hot.

☆ My idea of a supreme compliment was paid to the amateur cooking skill of Ann Cesare and her well known artist husband, Oscar Cesare, whose decorative illustrations embellish many handsome books and are a frequent feature of the New York Sunday Times. On her day off, the best cook the Cesares ever had used to make a special point of coming home early enough to be sure she'd get a taste of whatever Ann and Oscar had made themselves for dinner. That cook never failed to beat their own time to the refrigerator for leftovers when *they* had done the cooking.

☆ A narrow border line is said to separate genius from criminal mentality. Great men and rascals often share the same culinary tastes. It appears to be stylish now for dictators to eat like ascetic saints. Of the former, I would wish rather to read this conventional crime-news report: "The condemned ordered a hearty meal."

☆ To parents of grade-school kids—parents with loving memories of their own school days—I recommend Phil Stong's new book, If School Keeps—The Adventure of Education. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

☆ I've been harping so long against too high heels that it makes me feel good to see my viewpoint upheld by a jury in a court of law. A lady who lives in Kansas City, Kansas, tripped and fell down, then sued the city for $15,000, blaming her fall on a bad sidewalk. The jury examined her shoes; found her heels too high to give her a safe tread on *any* sidewalk; threw her case out of court. Justice has triumphed! Me, too!

"It *is* a little too low. Henry started to make it set level and it took him quite a while!"

He put his head on one side and looked at her as though he'd never seen her before.

Unexpected Uncle

Now a girl's gay heart falters as a brilliant novel nears its climax

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote My Man Godfrey, The Girl Next Door, etc.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN Kathleen Brown, formerly a salesgirl at the Palm Beach branch of Parkes-Fifth Avenue, and now the fiancée of Johnsy Hamilton, wealthy young shoe manufacturer and playboy, goes north to Hamilton City, her adopted uncle, Seton Mansley, goes with her. Mansley is a debonair, amusing, important-looking man of about sixty who owns, besides an impeccable wardrobe and a fine taste for the good things of life, a car and a trailer in which he travels about the country earning his way by his skill at horseshoe pitching and cards.

Mansley hates to leave the South where he, with Kathleen and Horace Quenton, a trailer-camp acquaintance, has been introduced at the swank Hobe Sound Club by Carol West, a friend of Johnsy, and where he has had excellent luck at winning money from the club members. But Johnsy has been called home because of labor trouble at his plant, and Kathleen wants to be near him.

Sarah, Johnsy's snobbish sister, greets them on their arrival and springs what she had hoped would be a surprise dinner party that night to introduce Kathleen to Hamilton City society. The butler, however, warns Mansley that there will be guests, and he sees that Kathleen looks her best. Her beauty, charm, and naturalness startle every one, especially since Sarah has prepared her friends for a "common little thing" to whom they must be nice "for Johnsy's sake." Kathleen has a marvelous time during cocktails, even though she is a bit disappointed because business prevents Johnsy from being with her.

PART VIII
KATHLEEN SPEAKS HER MIND

THEN dinner was announced. The men had, in the old-fashioned way, all been given little envelopes, as they came in the front door, that held cards bearing the name of the lady they were to escort to the dining room. Kathleen noticed that as they presented themselves to their ladies now, they gave the Hoy There salute and the ladies returned it. She saw even Sarah do it and heard a burst of laughter from Mansley and wondered if it was because Sarah looked as if she were taking poison when she saluted. Then her own escort came, and it was Mr. Sanford and she put her hand through the crook of his arm, and as they started walking the fifty yards or so to the dining room she smiled up at him and then giggled.

"I was just thinking, Mr. Sanford," she said, "you had to meet me at the train because you're Johnsy's personal representative and he's so busy, and now you have to take me in to dinner. Wouldn't it be funny if he was so busy you had to marry me for him?"

Mr. Sanford blushed crimson.

"Oh, he won't be that busy," he said. And then, with the caution that belongs in all ambassadors, "At least, I don't *think* he will." He looked down at Kathleen as he said this and saw something in her face that made him hurriedly add, "He can't help it, you know. He's having a tough time right now. I'm hoping you can help him — give him courage, you know."

"*Me?*"

"Why, yes," said Sanford. "He's all in. He—he needs you."

He was relieved when he saw Kathleen's face light up again at this, but utterly astonished to see a stream of tears spill out of her eyes even when she was smiling.

"Oh, there now," he said, "there, there."

"It's only rain in Panama," said Kathleen. "Here."

She reached over with her left hand and took his show-off handkerchief out of his breast pocket, and ever so carefully, so as not to spoil the lovely things Mansley had done to her face, removed the tears.

Mr. Sanford was gallant enough not to mind too much about the handkerchief, and even felt a little honored by it, because Kathleen was not only the guest of honor, she was terrific. He couldn't imagine why Sarah had selected him, an employee, the hired help really, to take Kathleen in to dinner. He would not have been flattered had he known.

JOHNSY HAMILTON had had a tough day. Things had gone badly at the plant. Discontent and trouble simmered all over the place. All day long he had been looking forward to getting home, to finding Kathleen there. He had pictured it again and again. She and Mansley would be sitting in the small library. There would be a fire blazing. He would come in and Kathleen would fling herself into his arms. The old boy would shake all over with chuckling and pump his hand. Then he'd send the footman for his bedroom slippers and dressing gown, and have the butler bring him his supper on a tray, and he'd heave himself into the big worn leather chair Sarah'd been trying to make him get rid of the past two years, and maybe Kathleen would sit on the arm of it, and he could forget all about his twelve thousand prolific workmen and enjoy the one great luxury that all of them took for granted and that he had never been able to attain: He could relax at his own hearth, surrounded by people he loved and who loved him.

The first inkling he'd had that Sarah had jumped the gun and beaten Kathleen to Hamilton City was when he'd found his driveway cluttered up with parked cars. At first he'd thought it was a delegation from the plant. When his chauffeur explained, he was as disappointed as Kathleen had been when she arrived. It burned him up that Sarah had had the nerve to go so deliberately against his wishes. It upset him deeply that she should be so glaringly stupid as to give a large and conspicuous dinner party when men, disgruntled men, were parading three deep outside the Hamilton plant and the men inside might go out on strike at any minute.

Johnsy didn't want that strike, even though he knew it wouldn't really be directed against him but against the group of men who had refused, in spite of the election, to join any union except the company one. The idea that the men would strike for any reason hurt his pride. It shook his faith in them and shook his faith in himself. It made him feel cheated. He'd built them homes, modern homes, out of the company's income. He'd built them a big country club too, a club of their own with a swimming pool and bowling alleys and a golf course and tennis courts. Always he had put their welfare and their bonuses ahead of his own. It had been his pride that, in an era of industrial hatred and quarreling, his men worked and lived their lives and were content. He knew this trouble wasn't their fault, that government regulations had pushed them one way and Red agitators and union organizers and political stooges had pulled them another. He didn't blame them. He merely felt hurt and annoyed.

He thought of these things as he stamped snow from his feet on the doorstep and walked into the house. This dinner party might be just enough to swing the balance against him. It would irritate him, if he were a workman—and the Red agitators would play it up hard. They'd even told the men he was a louse for playing around Palm Beach and getting himself engaged when he should have been tending to business. The men hadn't swallowed that, though. They'd wanted Johnsy to have a wife and children. The heads of other businesses had them. They were glad, too, he'd got himself engaged to somebody whose pictures in the papers looked pretty, who had class. They felt he owed them that.

Inside the vast front hall he let the butler take his overcoat. He toyed for a second with the idea of sending for Kathleen and Mansley and ducking the party. Then he gave it up. He couldn't do that to these people. It wouldn't look well. He shook himself, gave his tie a yank to straighten it, buttoned the middle button of his coat and hurried toward the dining room, the butler scampering along beside him, skipping every few feet for speed. About halfway there, Johnsy stopped and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Please don't do that skip thing," he said. "It makes me nervous." He smiled. "Just tonight, George. Please. And I'd really like to pull my own chair out tonight, George, too. I feel like throwing things."

The butler looked worried.

"Things not good today, sir?"

PRESENTING NATIONAL Miss Liberty Belle

MISS EVELYN WALL
COLUMBIA, S. C.

LIBERTY announces that the title National Miss Liberty Belle has been bestowed upon Miss Evelyn Wall, Columbia, S. C. During recent months patriotic Liberty Ball dances have been held in various sections, each being featured by the selection of a regional Miss Liberty Belle. From among these the national selection has now been made with Miss Wall gaining the honor.

Miss Wall, who completed her Sophomore year at Columbia College last Spring, has taken part in many one-act plays and gave an outstanding performance in the leading role in the student production of Smilin' Thru. She has honey-colored hair, grey-blue eyes, owns to nineteen years, is five feet two and weighs an even hundred pounds. She hopes for a professional career on the stage or screen and with her personality, talent and ambition her hopes seem well on the way toward fulfillment.

Runners-up and very much in the competition until the final ballot, were the Misses Betty Urquhart of Roanoke, Va.; Shirley Kocher of Camden, N. J.; Frances Mae Braddock of Winston-Salem, N. C.; Aleita Albert of Asheville, N. C., and Louise Ellington of Oxford, N. C. Liberty regrets that but one among the aspirants could be named in the final choice.

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"Lousy," said Johnsy. "Trouble in paradise."

"Speaking of pleasant things," said the butler, "may I tell you we all like Miss Brown so much. And Mr. Mansley too." He nodded his head rapidly in endorsement of his words. "Quality," he said.

Johnsy grinned. This had been part of the arrival home he had pictured. It was better than getting no part of it at all.

"Everything's all O. K. then, George, yes?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" said the butler.

Johnsy walked on more slowly. Just before they reached the dining room he said, "You've made me feel a lot better."

"Thank you, sir," said the butler.

THEN he was in the room. He paused, looking for Kathleen. When he saw her he felt a sensation of love and pride and excitement so poignant that it felt like pain. She looked so lovely to him that he didn't see the other people there at all.

"Funny bunny!"

It escaped him as a cry from the heart and, as such, sounded utterly ridiculous. Kathleen spun around and jumped to her feet. The others gave him a sour look. A second later she had flung herself on his chest and was clinging to him. A second after that, without moving her face from where it was buried in his coat, she reached up and grabbed his handkerchief out of his breast pocket. He grinned down at her.

"Now I know it's you," he said. He patted her back. Then, remembering they weren't alone, he looked up, said, "Hi, folks. Glad to see you." As they greeted him he saw Mansley hurrying around the table with a worried look and said, "What's the matter with you?"

Mansley was shaking his head reproachfully, but he didn't speak until he was near enough to whisper.

"It'll be all over hell's half acre," he said. "Dammit!"

Kathleen turned her face and exposed an eye. With this she looked at Mansley.

"No, it won't," she said. "I pushed it against his coat first. To make sure."

"I don't feel as if we'd all been separated a minute," said Johnsy. "I'm right back with the whackies again, swimming along under water."

"It's my face," said Kathleen.

"I put it on with a trowel," said Mansley. "To ghoul the natives. Damnation, Johnsy! Get out of her hair!"

Johnsy's hand that had been patting her back had drifted up and was now patting the coppery curls. He caught on and laughed.

"Thank heaven you've come!" he said. "You don't know how I've missed you. I haven't laughed in a week."

"Uncle Seton used to do trapeze artists," said Kathleen. "There!"

She gave a sniff and a gulp and straightened and smiled at Johnsy. Mansley peered interestedly at her face, saw the tears hadn't done any damage, and nodded in approval. Sarah's voice, full of cracked ice, broke in on them.

"Hello, Johnsy," she said. "I'm home. Surprised?"

Johnsy turned and looked at her. His mouth grew hard.

"Frankly, yes," he said.

"I decided at the last minute it really wasn't quite fair to let Kathleen arrive here with no one to welcome her—under the circumstances."

She underscored the "no one."

"Under what circumstances, Sarah?" said Johnsy.

"Why, with you away fussing at the factory. I said to myself, 'Sarah Hamilton, you fly right back home and see that that poor little kid has a nice time.'" She smiled and held out both hands. "Hence the party."

Johnsy looked at her for a long second. Then he said, "Thanks, Sarah. That was very kind of you."

He sat down at the place the butler had hurriedly set beside Kathleen's, between hers and Sanford's.

"Any change?" asked Sanford.

Johnsy shook his head.

"No," he said. He lowered his voice. "They won't like this."

He gestured around the table where dessert and conversation were proceeding normally again. Sanford nodded. Kathleen leaned forward to listen. She nodded too. She understood about labor things. She said, "Oh, my goodness, I never thought of that! It'll make 'em sore as pups. Nero fiddling."

"Eh?" said Sanford. "Oh, yes, of course."

"While Rome burned," said Kathleen. "It must have been very dramatic. But this hasn't been dramatic at all."

"There may be another meeting at eleven," said Johnsy.

"They had meetings all the time," said Kathleen, "one place I worked in New York. They were fun."

JOHNSY ignored her. He was talking business. Kathleen wasn't a part of that.

"It's about sixty-forty now," said Johnsy, "against a strike. They're taking another vote."

He happened to glance up. Across the table Seton Mansley was staring at him, obviously listening to every word. Johnsy had felt his eyes. He lowered his voice still more.

"I'm hoping to get out of going. They won't decide anything tonight."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go," said Sanford. "It wouldn't look well."

Johnsy talked then for several minutes and the brightness began to slide out of Kathleen's world. She was being deliberately excluded from a conversation she felt she had a right to be in on. She didn't like it.

"Johnsy," she said, "talk a little louder. I can't hear."

He looked up at her, forced a grin, and said, "Sorry, baby, this is business," and turned back to Sanford.

Kathleen shut her teeth with a little snap. Her Irish ancestors were stirring in their graves. She was beginning to get angry. At the head of the table Sarah had gathered the ladies with her eyes and they were rising and getting ready to leave the table. Kathleen didn't notice it. She said, "Johnsy, I won't be treated like a play toy," and then, as this sounded much worse spoken than thought, "I love you very much. Please."

Then she heard Sarah's low laugh behind her and felt a light touch on her shoulder.

"Come along, Kitty," she said. She leaned over as though she were speaking confidentially, and said loudly, "For heaven's sake stop trying to make him act like a fiancé. The others are laughing at you."

Kathleen felt as though she'd been thrust under a cold wet shower. She blushed scarlet and glanced up. It was true enough. The women were standing in a little group by the door, waiting. They were murmuring among themselves and throwing little looks at Kathleen and smiling. Kathleen didn't know it was because they hated her for being beautiful and for having brought a look in their husbands' eyes they hadn't any of them seen there in some time. She did know that Johnsy had let her be made ridiculous. The Irish ancestors were sitting up on their green hillsides shaking their fists. She got to her feet.

I'M not trying to make him act like a fiancé," she said. "I just don't like to see him act like a yahoo." She looked Sarah squarely in the eyes. "It would be different if I was just a silly snooty society girl. I'm not. I know as much about labor troubles as he does. *I* know both sides of it. He's a dope to let himself be pushed around. Look at him, worried sick and unhealthy and not eating his dinner, and I bet his meetings are dull as dishwater."

She paused for breath. She was looking so hard at Sarah that she didn't notice she had an audience.

"And all the time the hired help are having a wonderful time at *their* meetings. Beer and everything."

Johnsy was on his feet. He looked a little the way he had looked that night at the Colony when Kathleen had made him angry about the champagne and brandy, but under the look now there was something that hadn't been there then, a tenderness, something that tempered the anger of his expression and made him look hurt and sad. It turned Kathleen's heart to butter.

"Oh, Johnsy," she said, "you said it would be awful and it is! And I'm sorry if I've hurt you, but I had to tell you anyway."

"Tell me what?" said Johnsy. His voice was cold.

"Tell you how to run your meetings," said Kathleen, "so the other side won't know they've got you licked. Have they?"

"No," said Johnsy. "Of course

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WHEN NATURE WON'T—PLUTO WILL!

I WANT YOU

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they haven't." A vague sense of disquiet was stealing over him. He had let himself be pushed around for years. He knew that. But now, for the first time in his life, he was asking himself why, and he wasn't finding the answer. He put his head on one side and looked at her curiously, as though he'd never seen her before and was sizing her up. In a way, he never had seen her before. At least not the side of her that said things like that, the side that had been up against the world almost since she was a kid. He was confused. His anger died as quickly as it had risen. When he spoke his voice had stopped being cold; it was just tired. "I think I see what you mean. I'll . . ." He broke off. "Yes, what is it, George?"

"The private phone to the plant, sir. They say for you to come right over to the meeting. The men have just finished another vote."

Johnsy galvanized into action.

"Tell 'em I'll be right over," he said. "Come on, Sandy. Sorry, funny bunny." He patted her shoulder. "We'll talk about all that tomorrow, yes? Could be you've got something. Night, all."

He waved his hand, strode to the doorway, followed by Sanford, and was gone. Kathleen watched him go. Then she slowly turned to Seton Mansley who was standing behind his chair, and she was smiling—a hopeless, half-amused, half-bitter smile.

"Could be," she said, "I'm not very important around here." Her lips twitched, went down at the corners for a second. "Could be" was Johnsy's expression. Then they firmed. "Could be I've just been talking to myself. What do you think, Uncle Seton?"

"I think," said Mansley, "it's time somebody passed the brandy."

"Oh, of course," said Sarah. She, too, had been staring at Kathleen as though she'd never seen her before. She hated to admit it, but she'd been impressed. She'd never seen any one stand up to Johnsy before. "Come on, gals, this show's over." She was really trying to ease the strain now, to be a decent hostess. "Next performance at two P. M. tomorrow. You too, Kathleen. Come along."

Kathleen was still looking at Mansley. Her smile suddenly became warm again.

"Yes, I'm all right," she said.

She said it as though in answer to a spoken question. Mansley took it so. The effect was a little fey. Several of the men started visibly. All of them bowed low as Kathleen followed Sarah out of the dining room.

Mansley waited until the sound of their footsteps had died away, then he chuckled. He said, "Excuse me, gentlemen. Want to make a long-distance call."

"To a man about a dog," said one of the men. There was a murmur of laughter. They thought Mansley was merely rephrasing an old cliché for after-dinner departure. The man who had spoken was quite surprised when Mansley paused in the doorway and answered him.

"No," said Mansley, "to a couple of friends of mine at Palm Beach." He shook now with his chuckling. "No reason why I should tell you, but I *think* I'm going to raise some dust around here."

He left them then and made his way to the telephone in the small library, and told the operator to get him Carol West at Palm Beach in a hurry.

Johnsy absorbed in business, Kathleen unhappy, Sarah on hand to make trouble—it looks like rough going ahead. But Uncle Seton has a plan that may save the day. Many surprising things happen, however, before he can carry it through. Find out what they are in next week's exciting chapter.

DON'T MISS IT! • NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

Fu Manchu

SAX ROHMER'S

inscrutable Chinese man of mystery embarks on a thrilling adventure!

WOMEN AS SOLDIERS: WHY NOT?

They are in all wars today; will they fight? Here's an arresting challenge

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SEC.

BY RUPERT HUGHES

I WOULD join in a flash any organization that would undertake to assemble and train the women over forty to shoot and to learn all other possible means of aiding in defense of liberty."

So a woman of forty-eight wrote me recently. She went on: "It seems to me shameful even to suggest to other persons that they do some act requiring sacrifice from which my very age exempts me. We have had our day, but youth has not; and the world needs youth to go on from where we have arrived, rather than to exit leaving the oldsters to give a bedraggled continuance to the mess we have evolved to date."

That strikes me as a very noble utterance. And I feel sure that it represents the deeper emotions of countless women. They make up the hushed millions who are in the majority and who are not truly represented by those who have been going up and down our land screaming for unpreparedness and threatening all who favor quick and enormous action for self-defense. I think that the women who believe in preparedness have kept too quiet and allowed themselves to be bullied into silence by the pacifists. Yet I know from bitter experience that it is not pleasant to argue with them. Pacifists are the least pacific of all people in their treatment of those who honestly disagree with them.

What an example of gentle methods and loving patience they gave, those amazing women who on August 21, while the Senate was hearing arguments for and against conscription, insulted even the effigy of an American senator who was urging preparedness as a peace measure. More than a hundred of those delegates to a Congress of American Mothers in Washington dressed up a dummy in overalls, labeled it "Claude 'Benedict Arnold' Pepper," hanged it to a maple tree on the Capitol lawn, then tore it down, dragged it, kicked it about, and stamped on it while they sang:

"We'll hang Claude Pepper on a sour apple tree."

That was the spectacle of dignity they offered under the name of American motherhood and in the name of the dove of peace! Their logic was as bad as their manners; for Benedict Arnold was a soldier who tried to sell an American fortress to the enemy. To call an advocate of building national defense by the name of a traitor who had tried to sell out national defense is a bit of grotesque imbecility and a dramatic proof of the bullying and bellicose ferocity of such pacifists.

Almost more melodramatic was the so-called "Death Watch" kept by delegates to the same Congress of Mothers. This was a sort of picket line in which nine women at a time sat draped in crape on a bench in the reception room of the Senate while it debated the conscription bill. The reason the Death Watch gave was as fantastic as that of the furies who lynched a senator's effigy. The Death Watch said:

"The conscription bill, if put in operation, spells the end of our Republic. It will kill democracy."

Think of it! In the very presence of the slaughter of unprepared democracies abroad, and in the knowledge of our own terrifying unpreparedness, a mob of American

women went all the way to Washington to clamor that defense is destruction!

Fortunately, a majority of the Senate had the courage and the wisdom to ignore such viragoes. And yet, even while these self-styled monopolists of the name of Mothers of America were doing Hitler's work for him, throngs of young American women were making another ghastly spectacle of themselves. For weeks they had been rushing into matrimony with prospective fathers whose reason for the hasty marriage was fear of the draft.

We cannot know how many young women indignantly spurned suitors who came to them with such insulting proposals; but enough accepted to swamp the license bureaus.

With war what it is today and from now on, the mother who won't let her boy go to war or the sweetheart who becomes his wife to keep him out is as likely to see him mangled and dying on her own doorstep as he is to find her bleeding to death in her own bed.

The twenty-year-old son of my dear friend, the novelist and columnist Lee Shippey, volunteered and went to France as an ambulance driver in time for the final battles and the frightful aftermath. He tells in a long-delayed letter just received about two passengers of his:

"The civilians are taking a terrific beating. The stories you hear of machine-gunning civilians aren't as bad as the truth in many cases. I carried some, so I know. I had a woman and her sixteen-year-old daughter. The mother had the left side of her face torn off . . . and one leg was hanging by tendons. She died before we got far. The daughter had three machine-gun bullets in her stomach. She died a little later."

Such scenes will be commonplace in our country if the war comes to us, as so many believe it will. Then the brave young bridegrooms, the noble young pacifists, and the mothers who have organized to keep our nation helpless, and have succeeded so well for so long, may see what all the nations of Europe are seeing—mothers with torn and bleeding faces, sweethearts, wives, or sisters machine-gunned.

IT is discouraging to realize that so vast a number of women should fight so hard against their own safety. As a class the women of today are the equals of men as a class in bravery, patriotic zeal, and in military usefulness. The noisy throngs of female pacifists represent only the blatant minority.

In the ancient days women braved all the perils their men faced. With musket and ax they fought Indians, snakes, wild beasts. Our New World was settled by women as much as by men. The pioneer spirit is in the blood of our women, and now that the frontiers have vanished, there is still a place for the ancient courage and ability to endure hardships equal to military service.

In modern warfare every woman is in peril. Bombproof shelters avail little against direct hits and the carnage among noncombatants in Europe and China has been almost unthinkable. Throngs of old men, women, children fleeing along the roads like helpless sheep have been machine-gunned by aviators to clear the roads for the German tanks.

That could happen here, and will happen here unless we grow strong enough to keep the enemy at a distance. And yet, some women organize to impede the desperately struggling patriots who are trying to get us an army and equipment enough before it is too late!

A RECENT woman witness to the insanity of pacifism is perhaps the most eminent living woman novelist, Sigrid Undset, winner of a Nobel prize. She managed to reach America after a long and harrowing experience following the German pounce on Norway. She told of the success of the pacifists there, and the trust in democracy and amiability of intention. In Norway, too, the prevailing belief of tender-hearted mothers and their chicken-hearted sons was that compulsory training was the death of freedom. Norway fell, and is now a vassal state with Hitler's Gestapo in power and native traitors acting as agents of the oppressor.

Modern warfare is so complex that it absorbs the whole nation. We shall never be able to save our country without the aid of women. They must—and ought to—take their place in future warfare as they have taken their place at the polls and in the business world. They must overwhelm and silence the clamorous pacifists who pretend to represent the mothers. They must shame their cowardly daughters who connive with cowardly men to use marriage as a bombproof shelter.

Not all of our women have been swept into the destructive ranks of those who demand a lamblike helplessness before the slaughterers. When, last July, the Women Flyers of America announced a preparedness training program, within a week two hundred and fifty women had volunteered. Many of the applicants were stenographers and self-supporting women in other jobs who had to train outside their working hours.

These women did not immediately apply for battle duty. Their purpose was to take over commercial and mail routes to release male flyers for war. Also they planned to "ferry" warplanes from factories to flying fields. Women will not be expected to engage in aerial dogfights in this war. But in the next, why not? They will be practically as safe up there as those cowering beneath the showering bombs.

Numbers of women have also been learning to shoot with the accuracy of Annie Oakley.

When Mrs. Virginia Howell's son Robert joined the Army Air Corps, she did not join the Congress of American Mothers and hang senators in effigy. She started the Green Guards of America, a military organization of women.

In August she had over 750 enlistments. She has had requests for charters from twenty cities. The requirements are a loyal heart and $9.50 for a uniform. Through the generosity of a wealthy patriot, she has been able to offer every group of 250 or more women a free rifle range built at a cost of $500, also an opportunity to buy rifles and ammunition. I venture to say that regiments of well trained women soldiers will be a feature of our familiar life before many years.

Brave women such as these must join brave men in saving our nation in its greatest crisis from stampeding herds within and stampeding hordes without. They must overpower the fanatics of their sex who rage against every effort to save this country by the only means that ever saved a country: military courage, training, and equipment.

Countless young men of the day are pledging themselves to resist military training, marrying to save themselves. They will sacrifice their brides, their mothers, their kin, and their country to the selfishness they mask in such lofty words. The women must save themselves, and us, from such husbands and sons.

COMPULSORY training is nothing more or less than compulsory lifeboat drill on an ocean liner. Recently the ship American Legion crossed the ocean from Finland with a load of refugees. The captain made the passengers take lifeboat drills seven or eight times a day. Why didn't the women on board follow the noble lead of the Congress of American Mothers and say that such a rule was the "death of freedom"?

The plan to put every American young man into training against an attack from foreign despotism and greed is a measure of protection for him and his liberties. It is exactly like lifeboat drill and fire drill. The behavior of women and men who oppose this training fills many patriots with a sense of despair in democracy. It is the spirit that has made democracies such easy prey to dictatorships.

There has been terrific opposition to this country's entering the war. The true problem is, will the war enter us?

In Europe women cannot stay out of the conflict. It surrounds them, hunts them out wherever they hide. It will do the same here.

From now on, women are in all wars. The only problem remaining is, will they take it lying down, running in vain for shelter? or will they defend themselves? Will they continue to be sheep? or will they become soldiers?

THE END

Acme photo.

WINIFRED L. CHAPPELL

THE LADY SUGGESTED SABOTAGE

BY FULTON OURSLER

Danger from within? Here are plain facts. What do you think of them?

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BACK in 1934 no one had ever heard the phrase, "the fifth column." Yet there were people already at work like termites, eating at the foundations of liberty, encouraging our young men not to be ready to defend our country in time of danger; people who would destroy our democracy by undermining our morale.

In the March 3, 1934, issue of the Epworth Herald, a publication claiming to represent the Epworth League, historic and honorable organization of the Methodist Church, there appeared an article under the title, A Decision Must Be Made! over the signature of Winifred L. Chappell. Miss Chappell, then and for some time thereafter, was secretary of the Methodist Federation of Social Service. I specifically point to her religious affiliation, not through any foolish idea that the Methodist Church has any more tolerance for fifth columnists than any other denomination, but because Miss Chappell had boldly used her connections with this great and patriotic Church to foster in Methodist youth the practice of such fifth-column activities as sabotage and revolution.

In this article the author warned "young church fellows" that war was coming and that youth would be confronted with four choices. She set forth these choices in detail.

First, she wrote, "they can conform, yield to the draft, play the game of the war makers, be cannon fodder, get shot or gassed or blinded or de-legged or de-armed—but if possible beat 'the enemy' to it and shoot, gas, blind, and de-arm the fellows on the other side first."

There you have Miss Chappell's opinion of what it means for a young man to be drafted and to fight in defense of his country. But that is mild to what follows.

The second choice is to be a conscientious objector — "That takes even more courage than to go over the top . . . when the country is suddenly set toward war — when movie, by persuasive picture; and radio, by persuasive voice; when the press, the pulpit, the schoolroom, the conversation of all the people, the enticements of the blonde or the brunette beauty, are for 'patriotism' . . . what unspeakably clear thinking and brave doing it takes to be a C. O.!"

Bad enough, but so far Miss Chappell had not pointed out the possibilities of treason. She got to that in her third choice. Listen!

"But now a third choice, hardly so much as even heard of during the World War, appears in this possibility: Stay out of jail—why thus separate yourself from the masses? Why thus let yourself be put out of the game? Accept the draft, take the drill, go into the camps and onto the battlefield, or into the munitions factories and transportation work—but sabotage war preparations and war. Be agitators for sabotage. Down tools when the order is to make and load munitions. Spoil war materials and machinery."

If that is not modern-day fifth-column advice, then I am Benedict Arnold and Winifred Chappell is Molly Pitcher.

But there is a fourth choice: "The fourth choice is really a further development of the third. It calls for sabotage but with the deliberate, conscious, informed intent to get rid of the present economic system, of which war is a part, and to build a new world to the existence of which peace is a necessity.

"If you will make this choice, make it now and begin to meet, before war breaks, with others of like purpose and of iron will to carry out the purpose. . . . Youth in the Christian church must wake up or they are not going to be the leaders in the programs here described."

To call a person a fifth columnist is in effect to utter a charge of treason. One must be careful not to use this new epithet as a charge against any person without irrefutable proof. We hope that Miss Chappell has today a different conception of patriotism and of the obligations of those who would continue to enjoy the liberties and fruits of democracy. But if this American woman is still spreading such seditious propaganda, then she justly deserves the epithet and should be called to account before the bar of public opinion. It would be unnecessary to bring any testimony to support the accusation against her. She would be convicted out of her own mouth.

I invite the attention of Methodist bishops and pastors in the United States to what Winifred Chappell published in a Methodist magazine. Many of these clergymen I have

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CHAPPED LIPS
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MENTHOLATUM

known well. I was reared as a Baptist, which is, in thought and feeling, close to the Methodists. I was immersed in First Baptist Church, Baltimore, in 1903, when I was ten years old. Many of my friends were Methodists and frequently I went with them to Methodist Sunday school. Later, as a reporter, I attended many of the annual conferences of the various branches of this denomination, since formed in one fine unity. I attended many annual meetings of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal South, and the Methodist Protestant Church. I know the fiery zeal of Methodist clergymen and laymen for patriotism and for America. Not one of the hundreds with whom I have met and talked would countenance for one moment sabotage or revolution! How, then, did it happen that any responsible editor would publish so subversive an article?

This article was written back in 1934, but it was the counsel of hell even then.

Where is Miss Chappell now? Word comes that at one time she was a member of the faculty of Commonwealth College, in Mena, Arkansas. This college was reported by the Associated Press on September 24 as having been fined $2,500 by Justice of the Peace Clem Brown, after a trial on allegations of anarchy, displaying an illegal emblem, and failure to display a United States flag. It was stated that the illegal emblem was that of a hammer and sickle embedded in the cornerstone of the college tower building. Meanwhile we hear also that Miss Chappell now is associated with an organization called the Institute for Applied Religion. I cannot find that the Institute is associated with any denomination; it professes to promulgate the "social gospel." What is the social gospel?

This question should interest not only the bishops and pastors and educators of the Methodist Church but also the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice.

THE END

October 4, 1940

Mr. Fulton Oursler
Editor in Chief of Liberty Magazine
205 East 42nd Street
New York, New York

My dear Mr. Oursler:

Following our long-distance conversation concerning the article, "A Decision Must Be Made!" that appeared in THE EPWORTH HERALD, March 3, 1934, let me make the following observations:

This article was published six years ago, and it would seem that you are hard up for ammunition for a perfectly good cause to go back that far.

This article was not an editorial. It was planned to set forth situations that young folks would have to face and which they are now facing. It was published so that they might not suddenly be confronted with these disturbing choices.

The article specifically says, "Perhaps church boys (and though I write of boys, the girls have almost precisely the same choices to make) are right in thinking that for them there are but two choices—war or jail." It does not advocate sabotage or the downing of tools, though it must be confessed that it gives a disproportionate amount of space to a description of the third and fourth choices.

In THE EPWORTH HERALD for April 7 we said editorially, "Anyone who would take the third choice of Miss Chappell's article—sabotage in the lines or behind the lines—must do so only after he has taken leave of his conscience. *It is a way of deceit, disloyalty, and dishonor.* Besides, one cannot overcome evil with evil. We do not believe in violence even to overcome violence. That is not Jesus' way."

Let me dictate what I recall I said over the telephone. We do NOT advocate sabotage, "down tools," or anything else that would interfere with the regular processes of our government. We are NOT Communists, or anarchists, nor do we desire, by revolutionary means, to change our processes of government.

We DO believe that Conscientious Objectors ought to have fair treatment in accordance with the democratic principles of freedom to think and speak.

Permit me to express my appreciation of your fine spirit of fairness and for this opportunity to correct a mistaken impression of what this article intended to do.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) W. E. J. GRATZ.
Editor, the Epworth Herald and Epworth League Publications.

Lightweight football goes to town

The gridiron grows . . A lively look at something new in sport

BY HARRY A. MAHNKEN

Coach of Princeton's Champion 150-Pound Football Team

and JOHN MURRAY REYNOLDS

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

AT last there's something new in football! It has always been a grand game to play or to watch, but the trouble has been that not enough people had a chance to play it when they were young. Now all that has been changed. The playing of collegiate football is no longer limited to the heavyweights and giants —not since the Lightweight League was formed and the Fighting Fifties began to charge across the gridirons of the country.

The weight of the average college student is 150 pounds, and that is why the Lightweight League states that all players must weigh in at less than 151 pounds two days before the game. They are allowed to go up to 154 pounds on the day of the game.

Don't get the idea from all this that there is anything gentle about 150-pound football. The Fighting Fifties play the game for keeps! And they play good ball. The play represents collegiate football at its best. Joe Barille of Rutgers was a star on the Fighting Fifties at New Brunswick, and a player of such ability that the varsity wanted him.

There are a number of reasons why the public is beginning to enjoy the play of the Fighting Fifties even more than that of the heavier varsities. One reason is a complete lack of commercialization. The lightweight squads are playing for the game itself, not to lift the mortgage on the stadium for Old Siwash! Their games are always hard-fought and nearly always evenly matched, for one team cannot be outweighed by another one in this league.

The first lightweight team of which I have been able to find a record was Yale's team of 1930. Princeton took it up the following fall, and Rutgers the year after that. Now the teams of the Eastern League all play each other each fall for the Foster Sanford Trophy. Princeton has won this for the past two years. The Eastern League consists of Cornell, Lafayette, Penn, Princeton, Rutgers, Villanova, and Yale.

The most admission ever charged for any of these games is forty cents. In the early days a team's equipment consisted entirely of hand-me-downs from the varsity.

There is an almost complete lack of injuries. The players are all the same size and weight, and they can collide at full speed with little danger of serious consequences. This simply proves that football is at its safest, as well as its best, when played by evenly matched teams of the same weight.

The basic strategy used by the Fighting Fifties is about the same as the heavier squads, but the play is likely to be more open because the lightweight squads will take longer chances. Many more unusual or trick formations are used. The gambling spirit is strong in these teams, and it is probable than any future major changes in the basic style of the game will originate and be tried out with the Fighting Fifties before they spread to the heavier squads.

One way in which the faster play of the Fighting Fifties does differ from that of the heavier squads is in the matter of flexibility of assignments. The coach continues to plan and select the plays, but in matters of detail the players have more decisions left to their individual judgment. This particularly applies to such things as multiple laterals.

Last year we had a play called Number 41. In theory it was a multiple lateral, calling for the ball to be passed from one player to another four times in the course of its forward movement beyond the line of scrimmage. A typical play of the Fighting Fifties! When tried in practice the ball was always passed to those four men, but in any actual game the man who had the ball at the moment was allowed to use his own judgment on the advisability of either passing it or trying to advance farther himself. Often the ball never got to the third or fourth man in the chain.

I like to think that a certain incident last fall is typical of the whole set-up of the Fighting Fifties. It was an early-season game, and the score was tied at 6-6 in the second quarter. The opposing team had just made three good gains in a row and were getting cocky. A redheaded lineman spat on his hands.

"All right, you Princetons, here we come again!" he barked. One of our secondaries looked across at him.

"Come on, you shanty Irish!" he snapped. "Send it through here and I'll ram it down your throat!"

The Fighting Fifties live up to their name! Yet—and here is the real point of the story—that same back of ours came up to me in the locker room at the end of the game, which we had finally won.

"Y' know, Harry," he said, "I'd rather play those Irish than any one in the league. They're real sports! Salt of the earth!"

Clean conflict and sharp competition on the field — good-fellowship after the final whistle blows. That is the philosophy of American sport, and nowhere is it better illustrated than in the Lightweight League.

THE END

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Hollywood and Mr. De Mille embellish a stirring saga of a long-forgotten rebellion

Paulette Goddard plays a hot-blooded forest siren in North West Mounted Police.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Peril Across the Border

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard, Preston Foster, Robert Preston, George Bancroft, Akim Tamiroff, Lynne Overman, Francis McDonald, Montagu Love, Lon Chaney, Jr., Regis Toomey, Walter Hampden. Story by Alan LeMay, Jesse Lasky, Jr., and C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 123 minutes.

THIS all-color romantic melodrama is several shades (and I don't mean reds and blues) better than recent Cecil De Mille productions. It is characteristic De Mille: flashy, elaborate, completely theatric.

De Mille has taken the now forgotten Canadian Riel Rebellion for his central theme. French and Scotch pioneers, joining with the Indians, had bred a generation of half-breeds. These called themselves the Métis nation, felt the territorial government was giving them unfair treatment, rallied under the leadership of an ex-schoolteacher, Louis Riel, struck for independence. Cree and Blackfoot Indians joined with them and for a time the Northwest Mounted Police faced annihilation.

Into this is fitted a De Mille plot of a lanky Texas Ranger up in the Canadian wilds seeking a half-breed outlaw, pausing to fall in love with a pretty frontier nurse, helping the hard-pressed police in their fight for life. Dusty Rivers doesn't get the girl, for she loves a handsome sergeant. Then, too, there is a hot-blooded, treacherous little wildcat half-breed in the midst of a clandestine romance with the nurse's brother, a Northwest constable.

All this is told in terms of the old-fashioned theater, with heroic gestures, lovely scenic backgrounds, loads of melodramatic excitement. Gary Cooper is the Texas Ranger, Madeleine Carroll the lovely blonde nurse, Preston Foster the stalwart red-coated sergeant. Paulette Goddard does the forest siren, Louvette, in trim short skirts, a striking tan make-up, and one of those dialects. And, as Louvette would say, the rebellion, she is elaborate.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Cecil's sixty-sixth production; 1940 is his twenty-eighth year as a producer-director. . . . Four hundred rugged towering pines, ranging from 70 to 100 feet in height, were cut down in the mountains, trucked to the studio and a man-made forest created. Some trees as tall as a ten-story building. Cost, $100,000. For a month location director Arthur Rosson took players and a technical crew to the mountains near Pendleton, Oregon, for some shots, spent ten days at the junction of the San Joaquin and Stanislaus rivers for others. The 500,000-gallon cement water stage at the studio was covered and decked with trees to simulate a Canadian glen. . . . Hundreds of Indians participated, principally from the Mission Reservation at Paula. . . . A constable in the Mounted gets $1.50 a day; $150 is allowed for funeral expenses. . . . The hero of the Riel Rebellion was Francis Jeffrey Dickens, son of the novelist. Inspector Dickens held Fort Pitt, Saskatchewan, with twenty-two men against hundreds of Indians for a week, executed a daring retreat to Battleford, was cited for distinguished service. . . . The word mountie, by the way, isn't used anywhere in the film. It's painful to the M. P. . . . Walter Hampden plays Chief Big Bear. Hampden has blue eyes, so he was fitted with invisible contact lenses, the kind that go under the lids, center cavity of each lens was filled with harmless solution of brown sugar. Result: brown eyes. . . . In history Chief Big Bear was Little Bear. But you know how De Mille is for grandeur.

★ ★ ★ SPRING PARADE

THE PLAYERS: Deanna Durbin, Robert Cummings, Mischa Auer, Henry Stephenson, S. Z. Sakall, Butch and Buddy, Walter Catlett, Anne Gwynne, Allyn Joslyn, Peggy Moran, Reginald Denny, Franklin Pangborn, Ed Gargan, Wade Boteler, Samuel S. Hinds. Screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson, based on a story by Ernst Marischka. Directed by Henry Koster. Produced by Universal. Running time, 89 minutes.

ONE of those stylized—frosted cake, Christmas tinsel—sort of fables about old Vienna in the dear dead days of Franz Josef, when everybody whirled in gay, decorous abandon to lovely waltzes. It seemed a little strained, a trifle labored to me, but that may have been my fault. These valentine figures falling prettily in love to the strains of Strauss leave me cold these days. My morning newspaper, with death in every headline, doesn't aid a mood of nostalgic retrospect.

But away with moods. Spring Parade is all about a nice little peasant girl, Ilonka, who leads a goat to the fair to sell it, falls asleep on a load of hay, wakes up in Vienna when the wagon trundles in the moonlight past gay cafés and wine gardens. But a kindly baker gives her a home, in no time a young officer-composer is in love, and before you can say czardas, Ilonka and her swain are

dancing (you guessed it) a waltz in Franz Josef's stiffly formal court.

Director Henry Koster never tries for realism. His style is a carefully manufactured one, his tempo one of adolescent worldliness. Deanna Durbin is a pleasant Ilonka and sings charmingly, Bob Cummings gives a mid-America high-school flavor to the Viennese officer. Best of the cast is rotund beaming S. Z. Sakall as the benevolent baker.

VITAL STATISTICS: Now that Deanna has grown up—she'll be nineteen December 4—production of her films no longer takes as much time. In the past there could be no night work; time out had to be taken for school. Here Deanna gets her first authentic kiss. True, she's been kissed in films twice before. In First Love she got a bashful sort of peck from Robert Stack; in It's a Date she received an austere kiss on the forehead from Walter Pidgeon. The kissin' here, via Bob Cummings, is somethin' else again. . . . Joplin, Missouri, is Bob Cummings' home town. Went to Carnegie Tech, then to the Academy of Dramatic Arts, after that on the stage. Came the movies in 1936. First film, So Red the Rose. . . . This is Henry Koster's fifth Durbin film. He made her first, Three Smart Girls.

★★½ I'M STILL ALIVE

THE PLAYERS: Kent Taylor, Linda Hayes, Howard da Silva, Ralph Morgan, Don Dillaway, Clay Clement, Fred Niblo. Story and screen play by Edmund North. Directed by Irving Reis. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 72 minutes.

PRESENTING a novel slant upon picture making, this unusual B picture possesses freshness and cleverness in its telling.

Steve Bennett is one of the small legion of stunt men. He'll crash a plane, drive a taxi into the path of a speeding truck—anything to provide a thrill for your movie amusement. Then he collides with the pretty, bad-tempered Laura Marley, the blonde star of the lot. Heated words lead to love, love to marriage, marriage to heated words. Laura won't have him risking his life any more. Steve tries to land other work, tackles acting small roles, ends up by being an unhappy, restless movie husband with nothing to do. Comes a rebellion on Steve's part.

The stunts provide excitement, the story itself is told with above-the-average charm. This director, Irving Reis, has promise. Kent Taylor is good-looking and presents an effective picture of the stunt man who can't take one-sided matrimony. Linda Hayes does the mercurial Laura effectively, and the background—of the stunt men's club, the Gravediggers—has color.

Movie-making from the inside.

VITAL STATISTICS: Iowa makes good in this film. Kent Taylor comes from Nashua, in that state. . . . Eleven authentic stunt men appear in the picture. There's Cliff Bergere, famous auto racer and crack-scene specialist; Allan Pomeroy, who specializes in automobile and motorcycle stunts; Art Dupuis, knock-down-and-drag-out fight expert; and Buddy Mason. Mason has been risking his life for over twenty years, is one of the three still living members of Hollywood's Last Man Club; himself has spent only six weeks in hospitals. The Last Man Club was formed fifteen years ago, original membership was thirty-two. Hollywood has some twenty-two specialists in stunts. Pay checks range from $35 to $1,000 a day. Odd thing about stunt men: Practically every one is married; most own their own homes. They actually have a club, but it's called the Spare Rib.

Short Review:

★ **LADDIE** (RKO Radio). Gene Stratton Porter romance of an Indiana boy and the daughter of a snobbish Englishman living close by. All depends upon your liking for Gene's style. (70 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent, Our Town, The Baker's Wife.

★★★½—The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater.

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Lightning in the night

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Early in September, 1945, Peggy O'Liam and a Naval Intelligence officer, awaiting execution in a Nazi camp on an island off the Virginia coast, were rescued just in time by Doug Norton and the United States submarine X36—which, later in the same night, slipped inside the Nazi net and mine field across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and torpedoed two big German battleships at anchor.

This bold stroke was most heartening to the beleaguered American people, and so was the naval victory that followed when a Nazi squadron attempted, off the Georgia coast, to destroy the numerically inferior American *Atlantic Squadron. But on land Hitler's mili*tary machine was rolling steadily deeper and deeper into the interior.

Meanwhile the main United States fleet, commanded by Admiral Sterrett, had been steaming down the Chilean coast—and losing some of its precious oil tankers to lurking Japanese and Russian submarines. Its passage through the Strait of Magellan was made hazardous by a gale with rain and mist. As his flagship neared the Strait's Atlantic end, the admiral saw Nazi bombers coming at him from the Falklands. The question, a vital one, was whether his carriers could possibly get planes aloft in time to meet those bombers and fight them off.

PART ELEVEN—DER FÜHRER DELIVERS AN ULTIMATUM

WHAT the Old Man overlooked in that desperate moment—and he was ashamed of it for weeks afterward—was that every man in his crews and every pilot aboard his aircraft carriers was as stark fighting mad as he was.

They had gone through nearly twenty-four sleepless, foodless hours of the dirtiest weather any part of the world had to offer. They had developed hair-trigger nerves and an explosive anger that needed a target.

Those Nazi light bombers supplied that target. A low ceiling kept them within range of both antiaircraft and machine-gun fire. But, even so, Admiral Sterrett's gun crews, marksmen though they were, would have all the worst of it. In those choppy waters, slippery decks would smear their chances. Nor could the great warships and their train, plowing through the narrow channel, hope to maneuver to duck the bombs that were coming. The odds were all with the German planes—*unless the fleet could get fighting ships aloft.*

It promised to be a suicidal effort. *But the pilots aboard the aircraft* carriers were in a mood to risk anything.

One by one the carriers edged close on shore, dropped sea anchors, let themselves drift back into the wind. And, one by one, flight officers told their pilots:

"Ride the deck—all the way. Take off at half to three-quarter gun, not full throttle. Keep your tail down."

And a few of them added:

"And may God be with you."

Into the teeth of the gale they trundled down flight decks that *lurched and quivered crazily.* Not all of them got safely into the air. Three pilots flew to sudden death. One yanked back on his *stick to clear the mountainous* wall of spray, and it caught him head on and pulled him into the water. Another stalled and spun to his death. The third died when the careening deck caught his left wing and crumpled it like paper.

Still another pilot had his undercarriage smashed flat as he was about to reach the crash net forward, but he got into the air anyhow.

Once in the air, they put their anger to work. Catapults aboard the battleships flung more fighting aircraft into the fray. A lucky hit by a Nazi bomber shot away the number one mast of the Colorado and knocked out the first stage of her fire-control apparatus. Swarms of incendiaries set three tankers ablaze before the antiaircraft batteries knocked down their first Nazi plane. After that the Germans found their hands full. Catapult and carrier planes slammed down on them like hornets. With utter abandon, an American pilot from the Wasp roared down out of the overcast, found *himself out of* formation, and tackled singlehanded half a dozen swift Nazi bombers. He shot down two before *he realized that the remain*ing four had him bracketed.

To confuse the enemy pilots, he snapped his ship over on its *back, shoved the stick forward,* and rocketed up into the overcast. Before the swastika-marked bombers had time to scatter, he came plummeting back like a hawk, to shoot down one more. Again and again he repeated the maneuver, and each time there was one less bomber in the air.

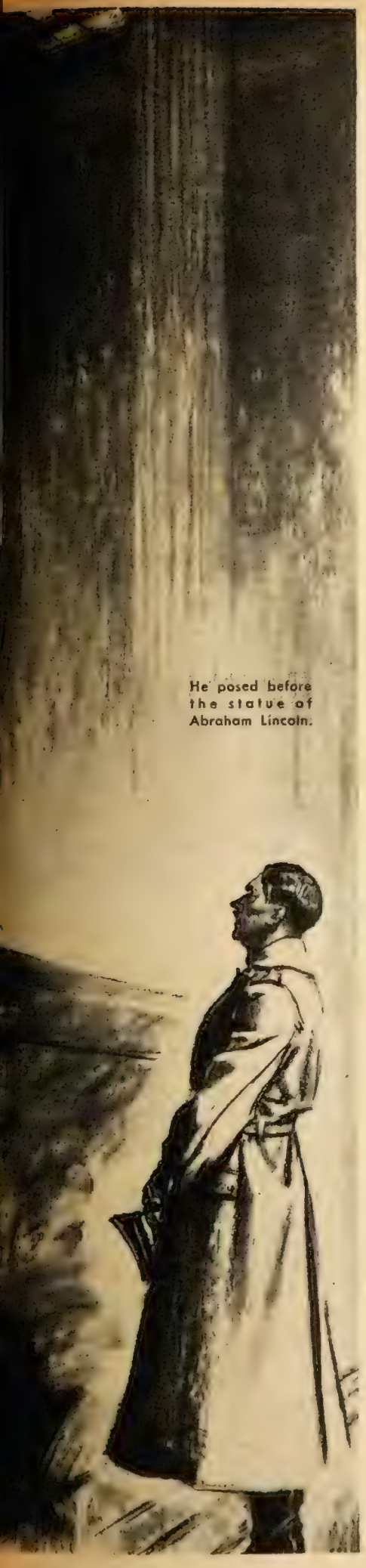
Not a single Nazi plane returned to its base. Cut off from retreat, they were hammered out of the sky by coldly furious and

Hitler, on American soil, demands surrender!

A vivid novel reaches a breath-taking climax

BY FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others



He posed before the statue of Abraham Lincoln.

determined navy flyers. Admiral Sterrett got his fleet—minus the three tankers—safely into the Atlantic, and the storm abated and he sent up his planes with short, clear orders:

"Fly to the Nazi-controlled Falkland Islands and blow up everything that offers resistance! But spare the oil tanks!"

Those orders were carried out to the letter. The fleet sailed into Port Stanley hours later, and under its big guns no resistance was offered. The Old Man himself tore down the swastika and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. He ordered members of the skeleton Nazi government tossed into the brigs of his own ships, and filled his tankers with oil and his pipe with tobacco. He left one destroyer, one cruiser, and an airplane carrier to guard this newly captured American base and, puffing his pipe contentedly, steamed homeward up the Atlantic.

In the United States, however, the invading armies of Hitler, Stalin, and Hirohito were riding the tide of success.

Along the Pacific coast the Red and Japanese armies, heedless of terrific casualties, pushed southward, their left flank against the Cascades. Numerical superiority in men and equipment won them bloodily contested victories.

In orderly retreat the American forces on the Pacific coast demolished the fortified commercial port at Coos Bay, Oregon, the navy yard and air base at Mare Island. A system of orderly civilian evacuation was perfected as west coast residents moved inland before the advancing hordes.

San Diego withstood an attack by Mexican troops of the Revolutionary Army, but fell weeks later as Red and Japanese forces blasted their way southward through deserted San Francisco and Los Angeles. Nazi-led Mexican troops kept up a wavering series of attacks that necessitated keeping hundreds of thousands of American soldiers along the Rio Grande. El Paso fell in a breakthrough that pushed as far north as Rincon, New Mexico, before a determined American counterattack crushed the Mexican lines and rolled them back to Chihuahua.

In the East, meanwhile, Hitler's troops were pounding away with machinelike precision. They ignored territory south of Norfolk and smashed inland on a line from Baltimore toward Cleveland.

The great inland plane factories of the United States were working day and night in an effort to build up the country's riddled air force. The air arm moved its G. H. Q. from Columbus to Kansas City. New airplane factories were constructed with incredible speed; were strategically located in thick woods. Midwestern wooded hills became concealing hangars for new long-range bombing planes.

Still maintaining an almost continuous mastery of the air, Hitler's armies pushed relentlessly onward. Portland, Maine, was bombed into submission, and Nazi transport planes landed divisions of parachute troops who took over small New England towns, received equipment by water, and, fighting inland, began steady advances down the Hudson River valley and the New England coast.

Boston fell after a devastating attack by land and air. Beleaguered Providence, New London, and New Haven were forced to capitulate. Pressing north, south, and west in a triangular entrapment movement, the soldiers of Nazi Germany crushed stubborn opposition as their mechanized columns roared into the heart of industrial America and threatened to penetrate the meat and grain lands north of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi.

Twice they occupied Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Twice they were thrown back out of the city by furious American counterattacks. A third time they captured it—and that time they held it.

A week or two after Admiral Sterrett had rounded the Horn, Peggy O'Liam and Lieutenant Doug Norton disembarked at Charleston, South Carolina, from the X36. They had been at sea with Captain Wiegand for nearly a month, and had watched him sink twenty-seven Nazi ships.

He shook hands with them, bade them good-by. He intended to put out to sea within the week. "The hunting will not be so good this time," he prophesied quietly. "They are on their guard now."

Peggy and Norton wished him luck before boarding a plane to Springfield. Two weeks later they learned, with shock, that Captain Wiegand

and his entire crew had been lost 300 miles off Cape Hatteras when the X36 had been sunk by three Nazi destroyers.

They enjoyed little time together. At Springfield Norton was assigned to rejoin Jock Rodgers on the eastern front near Pittsburgh. Peggy returned to her home at Clinton.

While in Springfield, Norton learned that the United States War and Navy Departments considered the situation exceedingly grave. The Nazi thrusts westward seemed irresistible.

America's new separate air arm was giving an excellent account of itself, but it had been formed too late. Often it hesitated to bomb military objectives because Intelligence reported that captured American civilians by the hundreds were being forced to guard repaired bridges and power stations and would lose their lives if these were bombed.

On September 30, 1945, Admiral Sterrett brought his fleet into Almirante Bay, where he rendezvoused with what was left of the Atlantic Squadron. The bay, on the Isthmus, only 150 miles west of the Nazi-held Panama Canal, was an almost completely landlocked harbor that had often been used by the United States fleet during its Caribbean maneuvers. It was one of the world's finest natural naval bases.

Following the occupation of the Panama Canal by the Nazis, the Panamanian government, friendly to the United States, had been overthrown. Upon the arrival of the United States fleet, officials of the Nazi puppet government flew to Almirante Bay. In accordance with the rules of international warfare, they advised the Old Man, it would be necessary for them to intern every one of his ships for the duration of the war.

The Old Man grinned.

"That's a nice bluff," he said, "but I'm holding aces. First, you haven't the force to back up your plan. Second, from Almirante Bay, here, right across the whole Isthmus to the Gulf of Dulce on the Pacific side at the edge of Costa Rica, the land—five million acres of it—happens to belong neither to your government nor to the government of Costa Rica. It's legally American-owned property. You don't believe it? Then go examine your own government archives. Trace the Chiriqui Strip since the days of the Republic of New Granada. You'll find I'm right about it. Now get out of here!"

And before the Old Man sailed out of Almirante Bay he hoisted another American flag.

In an effort to gain absolute superiority in both oceans, the Japanese had begun sending their navy through the Panama Canal from the Pacific to join forces with the badly riddled Nazi navy in the Atlantic.

Against this dread but expected eventuality the United States government had been on its guard. The air force had resisted every temptation to send a secret reserve of planes of all types into land combat where for weeks they had been desperately needed.

Now it hurtled its aerial reserves down in a smashing full-dress attack upon the Canal. Throughout one entire day American and Nazi planes fought vicious unending dogfights over Panama. American and Nazi pilots alike crashed in flames or floated to earth in parachutes to land in impenetrable jungles.

America won that battle — the greatest aerial battle of the war. And then the remnants of her reserve air fleet went to work on what had been their own Canal. They rained down explosives upon it — and upon the Japanese ships caught moving through it. They demolished locks and dams and left a third of the Japanese navy trapped securely in the Canal, with another third locked out in the Pacific.

The third that did get through to the Atlantic found itself confronted with Admiral Sterrett's fleet, which closed in on these intruding Japanese warships and hammered them to flinders. The Nazi navy, steaming south to reinforce the Japanese, turned and fled toward Europe. America had regained control of the Atlantic Ocean.

Yet it was not enough. In her few weeks of control of the Atlantic, Germany had put on the seas the greatest merchant marine fleet in the history of the world. By means of that fleet, and despite the heavy toll taken of it by Captain Wiegand and some of his fellows in the submarine service, the Greater United German Reich had managed to pile up immense stores of tanks, of guns, of ammunition, of war supplies of all sorts, in the occupied land on America's east coast. Even though her lines of communication with Europe by water had been cut, she was prepared to fight a long-drawn-out war.

She could still transport additional combat troops to the United States by air. And America's air force was finding it difficult to intercept those enemy transport planes and bring them down at sea.

On land Germany was piling up success after success. America, her industrial triangle either evacuated or largely in ruins, had been pushed back west of the Alleghenies. She was fighting now, in desperation, to slap off the bombers that droned nightly over Cleveland and Dayton, Ohio; over Rochester and Buffalo, New York; over Indianapolis and Chicago and Detroit. Once a Nazi bomber had flown as far inland as Springfield, where it had dropped a 1,000-pound explosive bomb upon America's provisional capital.

With winter, the great Russian assemblies of tanks that had been landed in Alaska began to roar down through Canada toward the Pacific Northwest. That required the shifting of more American troops and equipment to that sector, and a weakening of badly needed defenses on America's eastern front.

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Rumors persisted, too, that Germany was perfecting a new "secret weapon" of devastating power. A wretchedly tired, doggedly fighting nation merely shrugged off these rumors when they changed to open boasts by the "New Fatherland" station at Norfolk.

Weeks passed and the secret weapon failed to materialize, although in the series of bombing raids that finally resulted in the abandonment of Rochester, New York, a gas-filled concussion bomb of horrifying power was used by Nazi airmen for the first time. American soldiers an eighth of a mile from the spot where it exploded would collapse and fall dead. Autopsies disclosed that death had come solely through internal hemorrhages.

A dud found in the streets of Rochester was shipped to the laboratories of America's Chemical Warfare Service in Denver, Colorado, for analysis. In Denver, too, America's finest physicists, chemists, and inventors were quietly at work on problems of their own.

ADOLF HITLER, at the outbreak of war with the United States, had promised he would have "an American Christmas dinner" in the capital of the United States. He made good that boast. On December 24, 1945, in his huge personal seaplane Grenzmark III, escorted by an escort of black Luftwaffe bombers, he flew the Atlantic in company with von Ribbentrop and Göring, landing at Nazi-occupied Baltimore.

The Master of All Europe had set foot on American soil for the first time. And the slight, intense-eyed, and still somehow comic man who saw world dominion almost within his grasp was whisked to the former capital of the last remaining great democracy on earth.

He had dinner the following day at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. The dinner had been preceded by a tour of inspection of points of interest. His personal photographer, Heinrich Hoffman, had taken pictures of the Führer as he posed in a trench coat, owlishly solemn, on the steps of the now swastika-topped Capitol, at the base of the Washington Monument, before the brooding statue of Abraham Lincoln, and on the snow-clad lawn of Mount Vernon.

Those photographs, released to American newspapers in the Middle West, had a depressing effect that coined the phrase "Black Christmas." However, that depression of a proud people was followed not by terror but by a seething fury.

On Christmas night Hitler sat up late alone in his suite in the Mayflower. He had found Washington more beautiful than he had imagined. Some of the buildings had a classic simplicity that suited him. But others made him shudder. He termed them "monstrosities." And now he sat up sketching new structures of his own design to replace those "eyesores" in the city that was to remain

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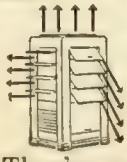

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the seat of government in his "New World Reich."

New Year's Day found him in New York City. Conscripted American labor had long since cleaned its streets of rubble and glass and corpses. German Pioneer troops had thrown a pontoon bridge across the Hudson near the demolished George Washington Bridge, and Adolf Hitler's party rode triumphantly down Riverside Drive.

They stopped, so that the Führer could be photographed at Grant's Tomb, then sped on. He was in fine spirits, eager to see the skyscrapers. He visited the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center, the Chrysler Building, the enclosed observation tower on the 102d floor of the Empire State Building, the buildings in Lower Manhattan's financial district.

The Statue of Liberty he referred to scornfully as "the gift of a vanished France to a vanishing America." And he promised: "This symbol of a decadent concept shall be soon replaced by a suitably virile monument to German youth, instrument of totalitarianism."

The spring of 1946 found America at the point of exhaustion, every eastern coastal state from Maine to Florida wrested from her, her oil lines nearly severed, her interior supplies dwindling, her people (in a land of one-time surpluses) hungry, her makeshift industrial centers in mid-continent straggling behind the production of Hitler's European factories, her Great Lakes shipping reeling under savage blows, her soldiers fighting a bitter war that verged on stalemate.

Only the unquenchable morale of a people fiercely hugging their last bit of freedom to them kept America from going to her knees.

It was at that precarious juncture that Adolf Hitler came over by plane for the second time.

He brought with him Dr. Hermann Strass, a distinguished German physicist—and a proposal, which he had broached a month before. He proposed a one-day truce during which certain "essential facts of the utmost importance" to both the government of the United States and that of the Greater United German Reich would be made clear.

Out of that proposal grew the historic Cincinnati Conference, held in the "neutral city" between the lines of the American and German armies.

To the Netherland Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati came representatives of the American government: The President of the United States, his Commissioner of National Defense, his Secretaries of Air, War, and the Navy, and their highest officers. Accompanying them were men whose attendance at this meeting Hitler, in negotiating for it, had requested—a number of America's leading physicists. Some of them were from Columbia University, from Westinghouse, from Johns Hopkins University, from the California Institute of Technology, and from the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of Washington's Carnegie Institution.

Awaiting them in the ballroom of the hotel were Hitler and his retinue: his personal interpreter; his air, land, and naval commanders; and Dr. Strass.

As the American officials entered, the Germans rose, saluted stiffly. Their salutes were returned and the leaders of both governments gathered about a round table over which were hung microphones.

The President of the United States spoke, and the interpreter translated his words:

"It is but fair to tell you, gentlemen, that whatever you have to say to us goes by radio into American homes. Yesterday our people were dying a few miles from here in defense of their country. It is but fair to them, since what goes on in this room must affect their lives, that their government takes them fully into its confidence."

Hitler spoke—and the interpreter said:

"Herr Hitler agrees that, in this case, it will be wise for the people to hear the news he brings. He wishes, first, to compliment the American people upon their splendid fight. He expected collapse long before this. He did not anticipate such stubborn resistance. He—"

The President nodded wearily, interrupted:

"We thank Herr Hitler for his compliments, but wish to know what brings us here."

The answer was:

"The humanitarian desire to save lives. I beg your permission to read from notes prepared by Dr. Strass of the Reich Physical-Technical Institute and approved by Herr Hitler:

"'In the year 1935 one of your American physicists discovered a new substance, a rare form of uranium today known as U-235. In 1939 two German scientists discovered that uranium, heaviest of the ninety-odd known fundamental elements, could in this form be atomically split. Your own scientists will tell you that when an atom is split the amount of energy released is tremendous. In other words, by the year 1939 the physicists of the Reich, of Denmark, and of America were frantically at work attempting to free and harness atomic energy—to unlock the secrets of an energy that is even greater than solar energy, the energy of suns.

"'All of us knew the overwhelming implications. The man who unlocked atomic energy would revolutionize the world's existence. His discovery would be of far greater importance than the discovery of electricity, of fuel oils, of radio. For he would give his country a new source of heat and power. Its farmers would no longer need to depend upon sunlight or fertile soil. Fluorescent light could be cheaply piped into houses. Filling stations and oil-storage reservoirs would vanish, for between the halves of a walnut shell

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Sensational *extra* help for colds—with Luden's! These famous cough drops not only help soothe throat, but release a menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages, helps relieve "clothespin nose!"

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could be stored sufficient atomic energy to fly a plane across the Atlantic Ocean.

"'All that, gentlemen, as your own scientists who have been racing us toward the goal of atomic energy can verify, was no more than a vision in 1939. Your physicists and ours stood on the threshold of a stupendous discovery. That threshold, it seemed then, might not be crossed in one hundred years. Our scientists had already released atomic energy, but only on a microscopic scale.

"'The man—of your nation or ours—who first could produce great quantities of pure U-235 and could efficiently release its gigantic power, would give his country the secret of world mastery.

"'I do not need to point out why. I simply tell you what, I repeat, your own eminent physicists in this room will confirm: that one pound of pure U-235 has the energy equivalent of three million pounds of gasoline; that it has five million times the power output of coal; and that—and this is why we are here today—it has the explosive power of *thirty million pounds of TNT!*

"'And, gentlemen, we have now discovered the key to atomic energy. I beg you to remember its power—a destructive power beyond present-day comprehension. The power to blow entire cities off the face of the earth.

"'Production of pure U-235 in the Greater United German Reich already is under way. Within one month that devastating power can be unleashed against your cities, your people.

"'Further resistance becomes utterly foolhardy. You cannot conceivably win this war. Herr Hitler proposes that you end it now, saving the needless destruction, during the next month, of the lives of your soldiers and ours. For but one month of grace is left you. After that we shall be ready. After that—literal and total annihilation.

"'We are eager to have you examine our claims. That can be done now. Dr. Strass will convince your scientists that, within a month, the terrifying destructiveness of U-235 can and will be unleashed. He is—'"

The President of the United States interrupted:

"You will tell Herr Hitler that his request that our physicists attend this meeting forewarned us somewhat. We fully understand the stupendous force—for good or for evil—of U-235. Tell him that, please."

The interpreter spoke to Hitler, who listened, then spoke.

"Herr Hitler asks if he is to understand that we are already on common ground. He wishes to know this: He wishes to know whether you concede that, in a war waged by one country in possession of large quantities of pure U-235 against another country having none, nothing but doom can come to the nation that does not possess U-235."

"We concede that," said the President of the United States, nodding.

Hitler spoke. The interpreter said:

"He wishes to know, then, whether the United States desires foolishly to continue a bloody war for another useless month, or whether you—as President of your country—prefer to end a stupid, losing struggle that, by your own admission, can end only in miserable defeat for your people.

"In short—Herr Hitler wishes to know whether you are prepared, now, in this room, to spare the people of the United States by signing an armistice, the terms of which Herr Hitler has already drawn up for your inspection!"

No doubt that within a month this frightful threat could be made good! Was the President to bow his head and sign? Were the American people to be subjected to the slave-yoke of the Nazi Reich, of Hitler? Or . . . Well, anyhow, you don't need urging not to miss the climax and conclusion of Lightning in the Night—in Liberty next week!

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME

By William Green President, American Federation of Labor

DEMOCRACY means to me the right to live as a free man among other free men. It means that I can fearlessly follow my chosen calling and represent the workers of this country in the efforts to win a better economic and social status for themselves and their families, through free trade-unions.

Democracy guarantees me the right to form my own opinions from unpoisoned sources and to express them publicly. It permits me to worship God in my own way. It gives me the right to vote for the kind of government I want. As a citizen of a democracy I have faith in the judgment of my fellow citizens and am willing to abide by the will of the majority. But democracy protects my right to protest if I am in the minority.

Democracy means to me justice and a square deal from my government and my fellow men. It represents the only way of life I want to live.

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23	.94	32	1.19	41	1.61	50	2.35
24	.96	33	1.23	42	1.68	51	2.46
25	.98	34	1.27	43	1.74	52	2.58
26	1.01	35	1.31	44	1.81	53	2.71
27	1.04	36	1.35	45	1.89	54	2.85
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29	1.09	38	1.45	47	2.05		

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BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Glass-House Gang

They should throw stones! One of their kind reveals the strange case of the Broadway critics

" And George Jean Nathan, who has written books arguing for good taste, likes low burlesque shows."

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

NOW that the theatrical season is in full swing, you will again be hearing a lot from the critics about taste. Taste is the critics' oyster. When they haven't anything in particular to write about, which is pretty often, you can lay a safe bet that taste will be the ticket.

It seems, according to these critics, who get quite worked up about it, that most other people's taste isn't at all what it should be. It's low, they say, which is an awful tragedy for the theater. How can the drama really ever get anywhere when most folk so sadly lack discrimination and aesthetic refinement? It's terrible!

As one who, like themselves, earns a living practicing the critical art, I have the traitorous honor to tell them that for the most part they are talking through their hats. Maybe in specific, isolated instances the theater public's taste isn't all it might be, but in the general run of things it's just as respectable as many of the critics'. In some cases, indeed, considerably better. What is more, many of their arguments against bad taste are wholly without foundation and rather silly.

The Elizabethan theater, which gave us Shakespeare and which was one of the greatest in history, was largely made up of audiences whose taste, by present critical standards, was deplorable. To pleasure them and keep them in their seats you had to give them murder stories spilling over with blood, bad puns, comic drunks, thunderous belchings, women idiotically masquerading as men, low clowns, dirty jokes, and most of the other things that made the Minsky brothers of our own time rich. Shakespeare, as every one knows, is often as full of bad taste as Al Woods, bless him, ever was. And the celebrated English theater of the Restoration had to rely for its prosperity upon giving its customers more sex stuff—and sexier—than Mae West ever thought of peddling.

The drama even at its best, in short, has often been chockablock with bad taste. It has had to be in order to live and thrive.

But the notion that low taste is the exclusive privilege and attribute of the rag and bobtail is as dubious as the notion that the self-constituted elect, including the professional critics, are creatures of an impeccable aesthetic. I have often told the story of a large dinner given to me, on a visit to London, by those illustrious critics William Archer, translator of Ibsen, and Arthur Bingham Walkley, who was instrumental in bringing the finer French drama to England. When speechmaking time came, they asked me to stand up and tell them about the theater in America. I duly stood up and began to expatiate on O'Neill, the Theatre Guild, and other such grave topics. But I didn't get beyond the second sentence when both of them shouted: "To hell with all that! What we want to hear about is the Ziegfeld Follies!"

Thomas Hardy, the great English novelist, seldom patronized the theater unless a good hot song-and-dance show with some good low comedians in it was on tap. Georg Brandes, the celebrated Danish critic, became literally sick at the stomach the first time he went to a classic drama, and thereafter resolutely confined himself to the bawdier species of entertainment. Woodrow Wilson, that immaculate intellect, preferred a vaudeville show to the finest play on the stage of his day. Give William Lyon Phelps, who at seventy-five asseverates he can't stand musical girl shows, a play in which banker Sven Goldfarb is found mysteriously murdered, and he can contain his excited pleasure only with the greatest difficulty. And it is the same

with a lot of other such hypothetically austere magnificoes.

Consider, for instance, if you want a laugh, the very dramatic critics who are currently taking pot shots at your lack of taste. What about *them?* I know them well, and I hope they will forgive me if I give you the lowdown on them. Brooks Atkinson, critic for the New York Times, who indites profound tributes to Thoreau and Emerson and who devotes long Sunday columns to the celebration of the dramatic art of Molière, Chekhov, *et al.*, falls into the aisle roaring with glee and busts his suspenders in the presence of Bert Lahr, Bobby Clark, and Jack Haley. Richard Watts, Jr., of the Herald Tribune, can't resist a Garbo or Deanna Durbin movie, however lousy. John Mason Brown, of the Post, amuses himself playing his small son Preston's toy saxophone; and Sidney Whipple, of the World-Telegram, delights in doing soft-shoe dances, at which he is an expert, and in playing jazz on the piano.

John Anderson, of the Journal-American, another of your solemn advisers on the higher culture, is a handball fiend and once had a hand in fashioning a detective play called The Fatal Alibi. Richard Lockridge, of the Sun, has also enjoyed himself in confecting a mystery play, Mr. and Mrs. North, a dramatization of his mystery novel The Norths Meet Murder, and further takes delight in reading almost every detective story that comes along. Burns Mantle, of the Daily News, is a reader of such books as How to Win Friends and Influence People. And George Jean Nathan, who has written and published twenty-seven books of criticism eloquently arguing for an increase in good taste, likes low burlesque shows—the lower the better—Limburger cheese jokes, Negro blues singers, Gypsy Rose Lee, Ann Corio, Margie Hart, and other such strip-teasers, stage magicians' illusions, and playing Sweet Leilani with a fork on wine and water glasses.

So don't you be discouraged. If the boys, including Brown, tell you you should be ashamed of yourself for liking the saxophone, answer them that what was good enough for the Paris Conservatory and Richard Strauss and what is still good enough for Leopold Stokowski is maybe good enough for you. If they tell you that melodrama is an inferior form of drama, ask them if Hamlet isn't melodrama; if the classic Greek drama isn't full of melodrama; and if Hauptmann, Wedekind, d'Annunzio, O'Neill, and other such modern dramatists whom they admire have been loath to write it.

When the critics continue to disparage you on the ground that you like mystery and detective plays, novels, and stories, give them the elevated nose. If such eminent artists as Balzac (A Gondreville Mystery), De Quincey (The Avenger), Dickens (The Mystery of Edwin Drood), Robert Louis Stevenson (New Arabian Nights), Henry James (Sir Edmund Orme), Joseph Conrad (The Secret Agent), Thomas Bailey Aldrich (The Stillwater Tragedy), G. K. Chesterton (Father Brown), Edgar Allan Poe, and others have seen fit to write them, why shouldn't you see fit to see them or read them?

Popular music is another of the critics' itches. You should, it appears, not waste your time on such trash. Aside from the fact that many of the popular tunes that fetch you are stolen directly and bodily from master composers, as has been amply proved by musical sleuths like Sigmund Spaeth, the critics' notion that all popular tunes are bad music only attests to their ignorance of music. Dozens upon dozens of the most popular melodies are good enough music for any one. Lehar's The Merry Widow waltz, Victor Herbert's Kiss Me Again, Kern's They Wouldn't Believe Me, Kalmann's Stradivari and Dance with Me into Paradise, De Koven's Brown October Ale, Luders' Heidelberg, Dear Heidelberg, Gershwin's The Man I Love, and other such tunes as Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Make Believe, Gypsy Love Song, Ol' Man River, Egern on the Tegernsee, Two Hearts in Waltz Time, You Are My Heart Alone, and A Kiss in the Dark need no apologies.

But the point by and large is that your low taste is and has been responsible for the purely commercial theater and the retarding of the better drama. Well, your low taste has made Eugene O'Neill a millionaire and has provided a fat income for such other of our more aspiring playwrights as S. N. Behrman, Robert Sherwood, John Steinbeck, Lillian Hellman, and Maxwell Anderson, to say nothing of having done pretty well by such as George Kaufman, Moss Hart, Sidney Kingsley, Thornton Wilder, Elmer Rice, George Kelly, William Saroyan, Sidney Howard, Clifford Odets, Philip Barry, Russel Crouse, and Du Bose Heyward.

Your taste, however low, nevertheless last season was instrumental in quickly dispatching to the storehouse at least three fourths of the trashier plays. Your low taste further endorsed such critically endorsed plays as The Man Who Came to Dinner, Life with Father, at least to an applaudable degree both The Time of Your Life and Juno and the Paycock, The Male Animal, Ladies in Retirement, There Shall Be No Night, and the Maurice Evans Shakespearean presentations, along with such musical exhibits as Du Barry Was a Lady, Louisiana Purchase, Too Many Girls, and Pins and Needles.

To continue, your low taste past and present has guaranteed as among the longest runs in our later-day theater plays like the following: Tobacco Road, You Can't Take It with You, The First Year, The Children's Hour, Dead End, Boy Meets Girl, Rain, The Green Pastures, Broadway, Street Scene, The Show-Off, and Victoria Regina, almost all of them whooped up by the critics as very tony stuff, which should give those selfsame critics of you even more to think about.

Critics who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. De gustibus *est* disputandum. So buck up!

THE END

40 ANSWERS

By Robert Ripley

to his questions on page 18

1—The Sultan of Sulu, who is the ruler of 425 islands around the Philippines. He has been paid the sum of $250 a month for the last thirty-eight years by the United States, since we find it cheaper to employ him to watch the natives than to establish a complete governmental department.

2—In northern Mozambique, a Portuguese colony in East Africa, the money used by the natives consists of small phonograph records. The natives cannot read but they can understand what they hear. They bring these disks into a bank, where the disks are recorded and each record speaks its own value.

3—The Corn Islands in the Caribbean. The United States purchased these islands from Nicaragua in 1914 but we didn't take possession, and it is still ruled over by the Nicaraguan government.

4—Sixty-six: Sir John Alcock and Sir A. Whitten Brown in 1919, Newfoundland to Ireland; 31 men on the English dirigible R-34 flew from Scotland to America; in 1924, 33 men on the German ZR-3 flew from Germany to Lakehurst.

5—The Nahr-el-Kelb River in Syria. It flows for six days and stops on Saturday. The natives believe it does so to observe the Sabbath.

6—They are berries. Botanists classify these in the berry category.

7—It was not Holy, because it was secular; it was not Roman, because it was German; it was not an Empire, because its nominal heads, the German kings, ruled in name only.

8—Sight, smell, hearing, touch, taste, resistance, and temperature.

9—William von Hohenzollern, the ex-Kaiser of Germany, is said to be worth over $100,000,000. The government of postwar Germany negotiated a settlement with the former ruler in which he was given immunity from tax assessment on his German property, and the Dutch government also gave him tax exemption on his claim that his status was extraterritorial and that his income is derived from foreign sources.

10—John Hanson of Maryland. When Maryland signed the Articles of Confederation in 1781, the union of all the original thirteen states became an actuality. John Hanson, who signed for Maryland, was then elected President of the United States in Congress assembled. George Washington himself addressed Hanson as President of the United States.

11—The executioners of the Middle Ages, who, after they had chopped off the heads of people for twenty years, qualified for Doctors of Medicine. But, since they didn't know Latin, they were obliged to swallow dictionaries flavored with salt and pepper, the idea being that they were supposed to assimilate a knowledge of Latin.

12—Hell is a rural village in Norway and is situated on the Trondheim Fiord near the city of Trondheim.

13—Albert Einstein failed in his examinations for entrance to the Federal Polytechnic College of Zurich. He had to take a second examination before being admitted.

14—In northern Tunisia, North Africa, a tribe known as the Mzabites are so religious that for the sake of modesty they cover their female animals as well as their women with veils.

15—Simon Bolivar. He is known as the father and liberator of Panama, Peru, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, and Bolivia.

16—Honolulu. It extends 1,400 miles from City Hall to the Midway Islands in the Pacific.

17—The entire Dutch fleet, icebound in the Zuider Zee, was captured by the French Hussars who galloped across the frozen sea. This occurred in 1795, with the result that the Netherlands government collapsed and Holland was forcibly allied to France.

18—Lincoln said, "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here."

19—They are Brazilians living in Brazil, South America, and are named after the brazil tree.

20—It is located in Paraguay, in South America, and since time immemorial rain has been falling steadily. This is due to the wind-blown spray from the Falls of Guayra. A wind blowing constantly from one direction catches the spray as it bursts into a cloud over the brink of the falls and blows it over the country, where it condenses and falls to earth in the form of rain.

21—David Rice Atchison. The inauguration day of Zachary Taylor fell on Sunday, March 4, 1849. President Polk's term expired at the same time, but Taylor didn't take the oath of office until the next day, March 5. In the meantime Atchison, as president pro tempore of the Senate, became Chief Magistrate of the nation between the time of Polk's retirement and Taylor's inauguration. This came after a hard day in the Senate, and Atchison always said that he slept all through his term of office.

22—Yes. The tall buildings make it necessary for them to travel more vertically than horizontally.

23—On New Year's Day in 1344, 15,000,000 Turks went to bed and when they awoke the next day it was 1926. The Christian calendar had been substituted for their old one, thus accounting for the length of this night.

24—John Paul Jones. He was a native of Kirkbean, Scotland, and although he was in America for some time, he never became an American citizen. He was a commodore of the Russian navy under Catherine the Great during his last years. In fact, his true name was John Paul, but he adopted the name of Jones when he fled to avoid being indicted for murder after he had killed a mutinous sailor in the West Indies.

25—In Punjab, India, there is a native tribe known as the Sikhs and every man is named Singh, meaning a lion.

26—Jim Corbett, one of the greatest boxers of all time.

27—It is a fact. It is a resinous gum exuding from the twigs of the tamarisk, an evergreen shrub, which is found in the valleys of the Mid-Sinai in the Holy Land and is gathered and sold by the Arabs to tourists.

28—Ethiopia. The Ethiopians believe that Jesus Christ possessed so many attributes that He couldn't have been born just once. Therefore they celebrate His birth once a month and twice in April.

29—King Dikki Dikki, King Flor, King Lucas. They were the native kings of the Philippines and were real kings, possessing the power of life and death over their subjects.

30—The Sargasso Sea in the South Atlantic Ocean. It is a sea which is practically surrounded only by weeds.

31—Yes. Research experts have succeeded in creating artificial "storm waves" in a glass bowl which has resulted in goldfish becoming seasick. In the Mediterranean Sea, fish weighing anywhere from two to seventy pounds when kept on board ship have become just as seasick as any of the passengers.

32—Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and James Monroe.

33—He never had a home and he wrote his song when he was stranded penniless in Paris. He was a wanderer all his life.

34—Methuselah. He was the son of Enoch of whom it is written, "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him."—Hebrews 11.5.

35—In Nunanu Valley, near Honolulu, the water from the falls starts to run down the cliff, but the wind currents are so strong that they catch the water as it bursts into spray and blow it back over the precipice again, where it condenses into rain, forming a river that runs off another way.

36—Marie Letitia Ramolino is known as the "mother of monarchs." Napoleon became Emperor of France; Joseph became King of Spain; Jerome became King of Westphalia; Louis became King of Holland; Marie Annunciata Caroline became Queen of Naples; Elisa became Queen of Toscana.

37—No. The fiddle had not as yet been invented and Nero didn't play any other instrument at the time because he was fifty miles away from his villa in Antium when the fire occurred and did not return to the city until it was in ashes.

38—Benjamin Franklin discovered or invented all of these.

39—A stream called the Cassiquiare in South America runs both ways. It is a natural waterway which, varying with the rain, flows now into the Orinoco basin and now into the Amazon. At the flood tide of the Amazon it flows into the Orinoco, while at the flood tide of the Orinoco it flows into the Amazon.

40—Panama.

Liberty's Patriotic
UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION
Quiz Contest

THE quiz questions in set No. 9 below carry early entrants in this contest well on the way toward completion of their claims to the prize money. If you have planned to enter but have delayed up to this point, let this week's questions be the springboard from which you make a flying, even though tardy, start. If you want to try to win the $500 cash First Prize, the $250 Second, $100 Third, $50 Fourth, or any of the 270 lesser cash awards, you'll never have a better opportunity to get into line for them than right now, direct from this page. Simply read the Rules carefully and then supply the answers to the five questions relating to the Constitution. Do not mail them yet, for no answers will be considered until the end of the contest, when all entrants will send in complete units of 65 answers covering all 13 quizzes. Late entry will not necessarily militate against you. Your chance to win one of the major awards is still excellent, but each additional day that you delay your start robs you of just that much time in which to make up the ground you have lost.

Of course you will need to refer to the Constitution in order to answer the various sections of this quiz. That is the object of this contest: to make you more familiar with the Constitution than ever before. You probably have a reference book containing the historic document among your volumes. The public library nearest you is also always available. However, if you desire a personal copy of the Constitution from which to work while competing for one of Liberty's cash prizes, here's how to obtain one: Simply mail a request to the contest address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing.

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 9

1. **Twenty dollars is the determining factor in what principle of common law?**
2. **Where lies the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States?**
3. **Article No. 5 of the Constitution deals with what particular subject?**
4. **What proportion of senators is required for impeachment of a President?**
5. **How often do senatorial elections take place?**

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

To enable those who enter from this page to make up lost ground in the event that they have not saved the issues of Liberty containing the first eight quizzes, reprints have been prepared from which such entries can be built up. Liberty will supply them upon request addressed as above if ten cents, to cover mailing and handling cost, is enclosed. Such orders will be filled in the order of their arrival, so, if you need any or all of the reprints, get your request in the mail without delay. When you receive them you can work out the answers in time to have your entry completed to meet the closing date.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$ 500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each $10	500
220 PRIZES, each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

Why Hitler Watched Our Election

FULTON OURSLER

ONE DAY recently I had a talk with an old and valued friend, H. G. Wells. We talked about the state of the world, the progress of the war, and of various articles from the pen of Mr. Wells which I hope will soon appear in these pages. As I talked with the author of Mr. Britling Sees It Through and The Outline of History, my mind kept going back to a lecture tour which, years ago, Mr. Wells had to cancel because of illness. The material for those lectures, appearing later in book form, contained some astonishing observations. It was in that book that Wells, in the dual role of historian and prophet, pointed out the immense change that had come over civilization because humanity was living closer together. Communications had ended the old security of isolation. The airplane and the wireless had made the world one vast community and thereby greatly complicated its problems. How truly this man of vision saw into the past and into the future and reckoned the changes and foresaw the probable results is clear today in the light of incendiary bombs. Today the national politics of the United States, for example, is not a provincial matter but a thing to be watched by the whole world. Next week in Liberty Wythe Williams, a writer who seems to have extraordinarily intimate news sources in Europe, will tell you, in blunt language, some details about European interest in American politics. Why Hitler Watched Our Election is an article not to be missed.

MYSTERY AND THRILLS and high-voltage entertainment you will find in full measure in next week's Liberty in the start of a remarkable new serial by Sax Rohmer, Dr. Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal. There will be several front-line short stories, too, of which I especially recommend Little Dynamite, by James Hopper, an old Liberty favorite, and Happy Is the Groom, by Matt Taylor, also a Liberty favorite. The whole bill of fare is full of interest, but I especially call your attention to The Two Best Bets in Hollywood, by Frederick L. Collins; a fine football piece called Sometimes It's Brains, by Jerry Lewis; some more *Off* the Networks, by Frederick Lewis; A Great American Citizen, by Bernarr Macfadden; and a Popular Song Quiz by Sigmund Spaeth. And of course there will be generous installments of all the serials and the departments.

SALMAGUNDI: From our old friend Senator Footloose, in the capital, comes word of a clash in the President's Cabinet over a proposal to woo Russia as an ally against Japan and Germany. Two Cabinet officers think such an alliance would be smart *Realpolitik*. That would be like J. Edgar Hoover making an alliance with one gang of bank robbers to fight another gang. God save the day when Americans join forces with the Russian devils! We don't need their bloody kind of help. . . . Unexpected Uncle, the popular Liberty serial by Eric Hatch, has been acquired by M-G-M. The stars will be Ginger Rogers as Kathleen and Charles Laughton as Uncle Seton Mansley. . . . M-G-M has also bought motion-picture rights to the Liberty piece Why Not Vamp the Boss? by Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise. . . . Cedric Adams, columnist of the Minneapolis Star-Journal, heard of an eighty-four-year-old lady who lost her tax money, seventy-nine dollars. He asked for contributions of one penny. He hoped for 7,900 pennies but he actually received 57,205 pennies. So here's a four-star Liberty salute to Cedric Adams. . . . Went around speechifying recently, to Dansville, New York, at the Physical Culture Hotel; before the Executive Clubs of Greensboro and Charlotte, North Carolina; and at the graduation exercises of the National Police Academy of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington. Hope to tell you more about Dansville and North Carolina in an early issue. On the stage in Washington, talked with Secretary of the Navy Knox and asked how the boys were doing with his Chicago newspaper while he was working for Uncle Sam. Colonel Knox declared they were doing so well, he thought he might stay away a while longer, which is good news for all Americans. . . . Add minor miracles: Another author likes the way his story was edited. Says Charles Bonner: "Thanks for the excellent presentation of Two Small Redheaded Boys, and particularly for the lovely job of editing." . . . Thomas E. Dewey sends a copy of his excellent new book, The Case Against the New Deal, published by Harper & Brothers. Manhattan's District Attorney wrote that he envied the silver in my mustache, so I had to explain that it was due to early piety. . . . Received also a copy of the new book by Justice William O. Douglas, Democracy and Finance, published by Yale University Press. It is strange to find on the jacket of a book by an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court such blurbing as "a clear-headed and intelligent attack on high finance where it is unproductive and where it is worse than that." Or, "The author as a member of the S. E. C. was a vigorous opponent of financial oligarchies," etc., etc. These words hardly seem in keeping with the austere eminence of the author. . . . Found some of my theories of psychic phenomena quoted by William Seabrook in his fascinating volume, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, Witchcraft: Its Power in the World Today. . . . R. L. Hunter of the Atlanta Motor Co., Atlanta, Texas, is one of thousands who wrote in praising enthusiastically our Constitution Quiz Contest. He says: "I have discussed this matter with school officials, officers of the Lions Club, and others. It is our plan to put a copy of the Constitution in every home in Atlanta." . . . Little History Lessons, No. 1: Plato had a good deal to say of the old Greek religion. He did not propose in his ideal Republic to do away with it altogether; he only wished it to be so changed and purified as to promote the interests of the state. Where is the difference between Plato changing the Greek religion and Hitler revising the Bible?

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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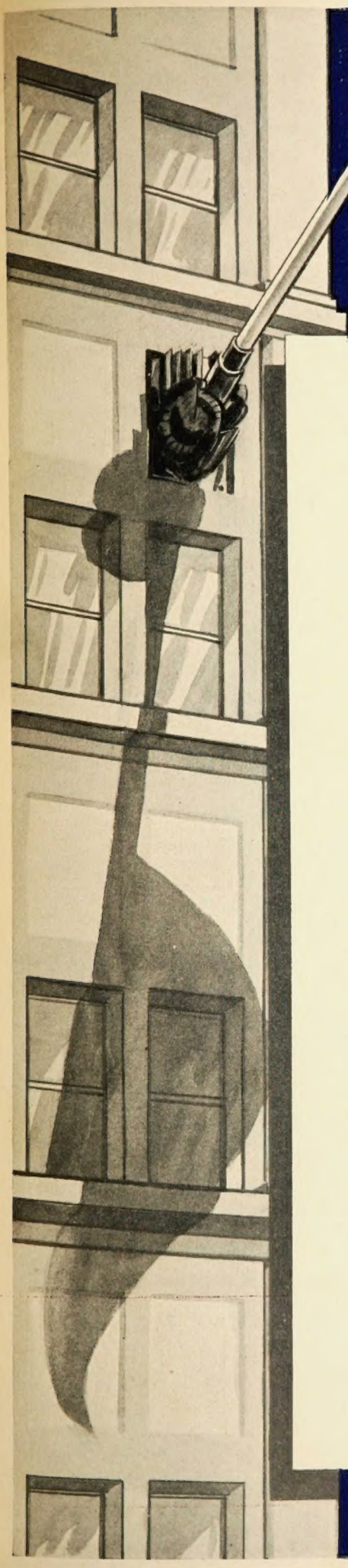
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY EMERY CLARKE



"What so Proudly We Hail..."

WE AMERICANS used to be pretty self-conscious about the symbols of our freedom. We straggled sheepishly to our feet when the national anthem was played. We smiled, tolerantly, when more recent immigrants than ourselves displayed a personal patriotism on their lapels. Our flag stirred little feeling in us—unless we saw it, like a friendly face, in a foreign land.

Today, there's a new appreciation for these symbols of our way of life. New flags flutter from poles once bare, except on holidays. We stand gratefully and reverently with the words, "Oh, say can you see . . . " And people who once took their patriotism for granted are proud to display it.

These are externals, but they are significant. They signal the end of that passive patriotism which once smothered us with self-satisfaction, and the beginning of a more *active*, more *personal* citizenship. A swastika armband means, "I belong." The red-white-and-blue in an American's lapel means, "I believe!"

Liberty, the magazine, has always been dedicated to Liberty — the American way of life. Liberty Magazine believes in the right to live as man sees fit, within the rights of other men. The right to worship and to work, to vote, to speak and hold opinion without fear. Liberty believes, also, in a personal devotion to the *duties* which make possible the *privileges* of freedom.

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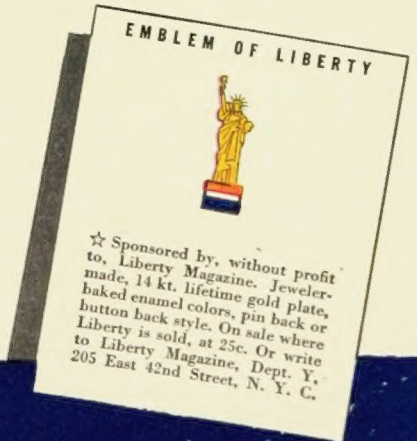
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